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THE CONSCRIPT.

HE pinned to his coat the fiery badge,
Red, like the blood of those who had gone
When first our country called for aid,
And he said he would follow on.
He would go to the battle-field;
Like them he would proudly meet the foe,
Never to falter, never to yield,
Until treason were laid low.

"But there are many," he said, "would be
Glad in your place to be enrolled."
But he cried, "When the land asks *life* from me,
Can I pay the debt with gold?
Yon starry flag in the air—
Beneath its folds I could even die!—
Who should fight to maintain it there,
If you hold back such as I?"

"Once," he said, "in my school-boy days,
Reading of all our fathers braved,
When they dared to face a tyrant's wrath
To set free a land enslaved,
I wished I had lived just then,
When men had such gallant work to do;
And, now the chance has come round again,
I must make my dreams come true!"

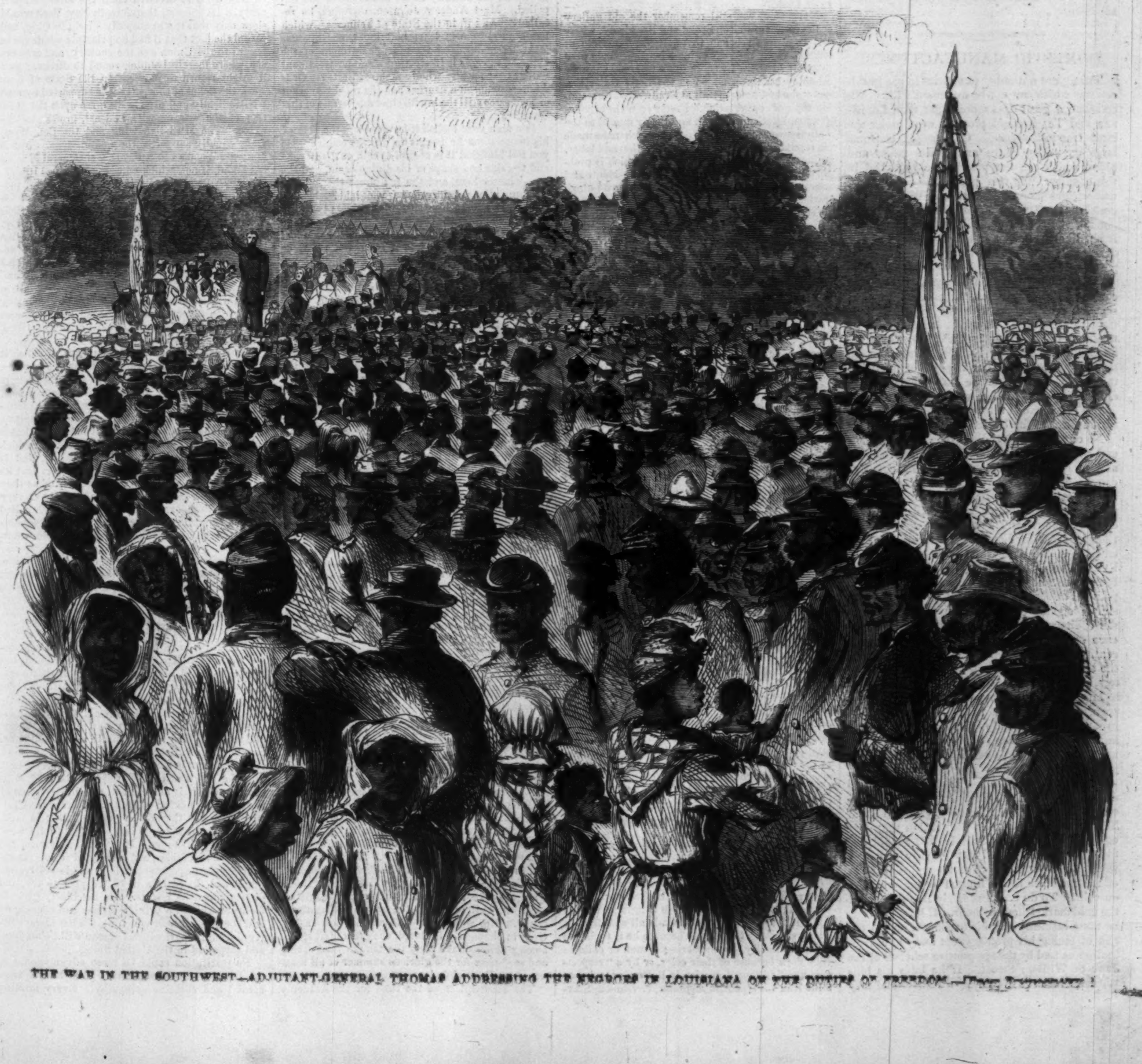
So he left us all to fulfill his word—
The word once uttered in boyish glee—
"If foes should threaten *my* native land,
She may look for help to me!"
And he stands in the conscript ranks,
With as lofty a step and bearing high
As becomes a man who has grasped the sword
To maintain his rights or die.

And I thank God *one* is left us yet,
One honest man, valiant and strong,
To stifle down all selfish fear,
And *himself* try to conquer wrong.
Thank God for one freeman more,
Steadfast, and calm, and resolute,
Who would die in his country's cause before
He would call for a "substitute!"

THE NEGRO TROOPS IN THE SOUTHWEST.

WE illustrate on this page a most interesting scene, namely, the address of Adjutant-General Thomas to the negro troops and the contrabands generally at Goodrich's Landing, Louisiana, on 4th October, 1863. Goodrich's Landing, sixty-five miles north of Vicksburg on the west bank of the river, is the head-quarters of General J. P. Hawkins, commanding the district of Northeast Louisiana and the colored troops there stationed, and of Mr. W. R. Field, President of the Board of Commissioners for the leasing of Government plantations. On Sunday, October 4, Adjutant-General Thomas requested the soldiers, officers, planters, and working hands to the Goodrich House, and addressed them on the various duties devolving upon them. The utmost attention was given by the entire audience; and it may safely be said that no so singular and impressive scene has ever been enacted during the war as the Adjutant-General of the United States Army addressing negro soldiers, civilians, and women and children, on the duties and responsibilities of freedom, and that in the most southern of all the Slave States. Our artist has drawn the scene from photographs taken on the spot.

The public will be interested to learn from Secretary Stanton's report, which will be laid before Congress next month, what progress has been made in the equipment and organization of negro troops. It is generally though vaguely understood that not less than 25,000 negroes are already in arms, on the Mississippi, in Louisiana, in South Carolina, and in Virginia. Some weeks since an official connected with the War Department stated that we should have 100,000 negroes in the field by New Year 1864. Now that no one but the most incurable Copperheads objects to the employment of negro soldiers, it is to be hoped that the officers who have the work of recruiting them in hand are prosecuting their task with energy. And it is also to be hoped that the President will lose no time in repairing one injustice of which they are the victims. They are not paid as much as white troops. This is all wrong. If they are expected to work and fight as bravely as their white comrades, they deserve to be paid as well. Thus far they have done excellently well. At Port Hudson, Helena, on Morris Island, and in other battle-fields they have proved, what no man of sense ever doubted, that



THE WAR IN THE SOUTHWEST—ADJUTANT-GENERAL THOMAS ADDRESSING THE NEGROES IN LOUISIANA ON THE DUTIES OF FREEDOM.—[FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.]

under proper leadership they will fight as well as the men of any other race.

If Adjutant-General Thomas achieves his present purpose he will secure a most respectable name in history.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1863.

THE ELECTION.

NEW YORK has followed in the footsteps of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and gone for the Government by twenty thousand majority. The Legislature is strongly Union, and the State ticket is elected throughout. It is only a pity that the election for Governor and Congressmen had not taken place this year: the State would have not then been disgraced by a Copperhead delegation at Washington, and a halting, semi-loyal, semi-disloyal Governor at Albany. However, for what we have received let us all be duly thankful.

It was noticeable that, contrary to common experience, that class of persons who in other countries would be known as "the better class," *i. e.*, men of education and means, almost invariably voted the Union ticket. In former times as many merchants voted the Democratic ticket as any other. Now there seem to be no Democrats among the tax-payers. The riots appear to have drawn a broad line of demarkation between loyal and disloyal men, and every one who has any thing to lose hastens to take his place in the ranks of those who are opposed to arson and murder. It looks as though the Copperheads were killing the old Democracy about as thoroughly as the "blue light" worthies killed the old Federalists.

The Government has now been fairly and squarely endorsed by the people of every Northern State—except New Jersey, which does not count. And it only remains for Mr. Lincoln to prosecute the work he has before him with the same energy and perseverance which have thus far characterized his Administration, and all, in God's appointed time, will be well with the country.

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

THERE are a number of articles in use in this country which can not be dispensed with. We consume a great deal more sugar than Louisiana and Texas could produce, even under the most tranquil *régime*. Our people consume large quantities of tea and coffee, spices and hides, which can not possibly be produced in this country. We require likewise drugs, dyes, and various other minor articles of which the cost is moderate, all of which must come from abroad. Of these commodities the consumption is not likely to decrease, and the supply will be derived, hereafter as heretofore, from foreign parts.

But the aggregate of all these articles, which can not be obtained except from abroad, is very small in comparison with the export of food from this country. It might be expressed by the numeral 1, if our food exports, which are absolutely required by Europe, were expressed by the figure 3. If our imports of manufactures ceased altogether we should export three dollars for every dollar we imported, and the course of exchange throughout the world would run in favor of the United States.

No one who has studied trade on great general principles, and has realized the resources and progressive development of this country, can have failed to perceive that at some day, sooner or later, the focus of commerce and finance was destined to be removed from London, Frankfort, and Paris to New York, and the great clearing-house of the commercial operations of the business world was to be established finally in this city. This would have been at some time accomplished, even without political or revolutionary accidents, through the simple agency of the Asiatic trade, which, in the ordinary course of events, under the influence of steam and telegraphs, must naturally centre at New York instead of London. But the slaveholders' rebellion has precipitated matters, and the prospect now is that we are going so largely to diminish our consumption of European manufactures, and increase our own, that in a very brief period of time what is vulgarly known as the balance of trade will turn permanently in our favor, and New York will be the general mart for the exchanges of the world.

To descend to details. Every manufactured article imported from Europe now pays an average duty of 30 per cent., payable in gold. The present premium on gold makes that duty equivalent to 45 per cent. If gold should rise to 160 or 170, as it did last January, the duty would be 60 per cent. And the embarrassment of the importer is not limited by the premium on coin. To do business safely he must watch the gold market hour by hour. If he sells goods he must instantly buy his exchange, or run the risk of seeing his profits swept away by a fluctuation caused by the speculative schemes of the Jews of William Street. If he buys his bills when he receives his goods a fall in gold may compel him to sell them at a heavy loss. So that really there is no business in this country, except faro banking, which is so purely speculative and gambling in its nature as importing foreign goods.

The remedy is simply in home manufacturing. Within a year quite a number of German importers have turned their attention to manufacturing in this country. They have imported the raw material, where it could not be produced here, and they have imported the workmen. Factories of all kinds have been established in this city and in the neighborhood, and the articles produced have realized handsome profits for the manufacturers. There is no earthly reason why we should not make all the hardware, all the dry goods, and all the articles of luxury and *virtu* which are required even by the most fastidious of the rich.

On such subjects appeals to patriotic feeling always fall dead. But interest will govern all classes. And the fact that now, and hereafter for some years, we can and shall be able to make every manufactured article in this country cheaper than it can be imported from abroad, will pretty surely lead to a manufacturing furor among our people. This is one of those popular manias which can be commended. Any man who undertakes, seriously and energetically, to manufacture here the articles we have heretofore imported from abroad, will realize a fortune by the enterprise, and will furthermore have the satisfaction of having done his share toward emancipating his country from dependence on foreign nations.

BRADY'S GALLERY.

THERE are very few establishments in the city better worth visiting than the Photographic Gallery of M. B. Brady, to whom this journal is indebted for nine-tenths of the portraits we publish. Nowhere else can so extensive and in one sense so valuable a collection of art treasures be witnessed. For the last twenty years there has hardly been a celebrity in this country who has not been photographed here; and when the history of American photography comes to be written Brady, more than any other man, will be entitled to rank as its Father.

Many of us can still remember the old gallery at the corner of Fulton Street and Broadway, where Mr. Brady first began to photograph prominent characters for the sake of mere fame. People used to stroll in there in those days to see what new celebrity had been added to the little collection, and "the last new portrait at Brady's" was a standing topic of conversation. Pretty soon the city began to migrate northward, and Brady moved to the well-known rooms in 359 Broadway, where he made his reputation. There, by great exertion and labor, he amassed a collection of portraits which is probably unrivaled in the world. The Presidents and Secretaries during five or six consecutive administrations; Senators and Congressmen complete for an equal period of time; soldiers, sailors, divines, editors, doctors, merchants; Garibaldi, Kossuth, Jenny Lind, Sontag; every body, male or female, American or foreign, who had any claim to distinction, was sooner or later inveigled by the indefatigable Brady into his parlor, and left his or her head there. The consequence was, as we said, an accumulation of portraits absolutely unequaled—constituting materials for history of the very highest value. What would we not give now for such a portrait gallery of the revolutionary days?

When the war broke out Brady attempted higher aims. With a camera he accompanied the army to the battle-fields of Bull Run and Gettysburg, and seized, with mathematical accuracy and artistic skill, scenes that will be historical. Another camera went from his house to Charleston, and will presently show us the effect of Gilmore's Greek fire on the cradle of treason. This deviation from the old track has not, however, diminished Brady's eagerness for portraits. The Prince of Wales and suite, the Russian Admiral and staff, the French and British Admirals, and a host of other celebrities, native and foreign, have been added to his collection since he moved to the corner of Tenth Street.

If any man deserves credit for accumulating materials for history, that man is M. B. Brady

THE LOUNGER.

THE OLD GAG.

WE all owe Mr. Beecher our gratitude for the pleasant and plucky way in which he battled with the mob in Liverpool, Manchester, and London. His perfect self-possession, his readiness, his jovial wit, gave him the victory throughout. Another orator might have withered the mob with sarcasm, but he melted them with humor. He turned the laugh against them. He parried their blows, and at the same time struck home. There is no public speaker in the country so well fitted to do what he has done as Mr. Beecher, and the work he has begun in England will doubtless be continued by others, until a profound and powerful impression is made upon British common sense.

It surprises many that Mr. Beecher had to confront the mob in England, since he and all men of his views can now speak freely here at home. But the spirit against which he speaks, and against which the people of this country fight, is always and every where the same. Whether it is hanging a man in Georgia for saying that God made all men free, or burning a slave in Carolina because he is trying to seize his liberty, or murdering a man or child in New York because of their color, or by a "respectable mob" stifling discussion in Boston, or trying to stifle it in Liverpool, Manchester, or London, Slavery is the same old tyrant, to whom free speech is as dangerous as a match to gunpowder, and which always seeks victory by brute force.

In this country we have had enough of this kind of tyranny. Under the Constitution we have discovered that no one man's opinions are any more sacred than another's. If Southerners like slavery, they may say so. If Northerners hate it, they may say so; and the Constitution protects each in the expression of his views. In the celebrated Union-as-it-was, which it seems we are going to have spite of the Vice-President, it was quite the other way. But in the Union-as-it-is we have got the gag out of our mouths. Nor does it look as if it were likely to be forced into any bold mouth on British soil! Of course, every man knows that it is the American pimps and panders of slavery in England who, suborning a few natives of their own kind, endeavored to stop, by threats and open riot, the meetings which Mr. Beecher addressed. The old serpent dies hard. But its head being under the heel of civilization, religion, common sense, and common humanity, whether it dart its poison in a great rebellion, or wriggle in a riot, or hiss in Copperhead speeches at home, and brawling interruption of public meetings abroad, its convulsions are but the throes of death.

THE THING TO BE DONE.

"WHY should General Butler bother himself about the future?" cries a wiseacre. "Isn't it plain that the thing to be done is to fight?" Yes; and why should General Gilmore trouble himself about the range of his guns? Isn't it plain that the thing to be done is to reduce Charleston? Is fighting all that we have to do? If Lee were defeated in Virginia and Bragg routed in Georgia, is then the work over, and our only duty to summon the troops home? If General Gilmore does not calculate the range of his guns, how can he take Charleston? If the loyal people of the country do not consider how they can secure peace, of what use is fighting?

Does any body seriously suppose that, when the two rebel armies are defeated, Davis & Company are going to say that they give it up, or that elections are to be held immediately in Georgia or Virginia without the supervision of the national authorities? Yet if fighting is all, when fighting stops the old order of things returns. Or take Tennessee at this moment. Thanks to its loyal men and the army of the Cumberland, with that of Burnside, the military forces of the rebels are expelled. Must Andrew Johnson, therefore, be recalled? And if, in the State of Tennessee, which has been always at least half loyal, a Governor must be maintained by the appointment of the United States, is it likely that a milder treatment will answer for any wholly disloyal State? Or is Andrew Johnson a usurper and the rebel Governor of Tennessee still the lawful chief magistrate of that State?

Is a man very foolish if he considers the plan of his house when he begins to dig the cellar? Do you tell him that it is absurd to talk of his library and the size and shape of his dining-room, and the bow-window here, and the hat closet there, when the foundations of the cellar are not laid? Do you constantly say to him that his business is to lay the cellar and let the library and dining-room take care of themselves? Not unless you have lost your common sense. And it is exactly the same thing with the war? When the fighting is over, then what? Is that the end? When the cellar is laid, is there nothing more to be done?

There is a great deal more to be done. The Government of the country is to be settled upon immovably secure foundations; and the sooner our minds consider what those foundations are the sooner peace will come. There is no plainer duty of patriotism than the constant discussion of the significance of the war—its causes, its origin, its methods—in order that the country may acquire some adequate advantage for the tremendous struggle. Does any body think that we have undergone these three years in order that Jefferson Davis may return into the Senate of the United States? And yet how soon is he likely to be convicted of treason in the district where it was committed? The Constitution, according to the Copperhead gospel, is sufficient to secure the success of a rebellion, but not to maintain its own authority. The chief Copperheads in New York claim that they are better Union men than Union men themselves, because they go for fighting *and* conciliation. By their own confession, then, there is something more than fighting to be thought of. But if the gentle Copperheads may consider what they will do after fighting, why is General Butler so culpable that he also reflects what Union men shall do after fighting? The gentle Copperheads ought not to forget that the time is past in this country when it was "constitutional" for Davis and his political allies North and South to say and do exactly what they chose, and "unconstitutional" for their political opponents to do the same. We may even add, thanks to Jeff Davis, that, though his rebellion does not destroy the Union, it does destroy the despotism which nullified the Constitution and used the Union-as-it-was for its tool

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

Inter arma non silent artes. The fine arts are still eloquent amidst the roar of cannon and through the thick smoke of battle rises slowly and steadily the rich and well-proportioned building, the new Academy of Design. The corner-stone was lately laid upon a soft and genial day. Men eminent in art, in letters, in oratory, spoke their cheering and consecrating words. It was, as Mr. Vice-President Gray remarked, the first temple of art upon this continent built and directed by the artists themselves. Nor was the time ill-chosen; for, as Mr. Godwin eloquently declared, the great civil strifes among nations have been the tempestuous spring and seed-time for the glorious summer of all manner of intellectual fruits.

The subscription of the fund for the Academy building has been one of the most remarkable events of this memorable year. More than a hundred thousand dollars were subscribed within a few months or weeks, and this amidst the constant strain of the vast private subscriptions for the war. It is a fact too significant for Americans to forget, and too significant for foreigners to mention. It is very doubtful if Mr. Charles Mackay, who found plenty of time to say last summer that it was generally conceded the Union was hopelessly gone, found a moment to state that the men who were giving their children to fight and their money to support the war were also wise enough, as well as rich enough, to be taking care that the future of the country which they intended to redeem should abound in every influence of beauty and truth. The readiness of the subscription to the Academy fund was the measure of the confidence of New York in the maintenance of the Union. The future will own its grateful debt to the artists of to-day in New York, that they knew themselves and their countrymen so well that they chose this hour as the one in which to begin their work.

And, indeed, as the temple rises into graceful completion, who shall say that its developing strength and symmetry, dedicated to the service of the purest beauty, do not fitly symbolize that vaster structure of Union and Liberty, which, with steady strokes and sweat and blood, the brave hearts and hands of the people are building? The event was more significant than the newspapers made it. But History, looking for the proofs of the national purpose and faith and spirit, will not forget it.

KNOWING WHAT YOU WANT, BUT NOT HOW TO GET IT.

"I CAN see," lately said a cynic, "that in the North there are but two parties: one knowing exactly what it wants, and the other apparently entirely ignorant of what it wants."

It is perfectly true. There are but two parties, and they are well described by the critic. One wants the maintenance of the Union. Its policy is therefore perfectly clear. It ardently supports every measure which will secure and confirm that result. The other wants political power, and it doesn't see exactly how to get it. That explains its conflicting assertions and contradictory action. In Ohio it declared for peace at any price. Ohio roared its contempt from the lake to the river. In Iowa therefore it declared for the war, and against the conduct of the war. That also was of no use. In New York it declared itself the strongest war party. Its success, therefore, in New York would show only that it was stupidly wrong in Ohio, and reveal the fact that it had no principle whatever in regard to the Union and the country, and was every where merely bobbing round to discover how it might return to power. In the State of New York the ticket of this party was supported by men who radically and utterly disagree upon the question of the war, or who, at least, profess to disagree. The M'Clellan wing and the Ben Wood wing equally supported the nominations. But is Manager Wood's war policy that of General M'Clellan? and, if not, which wing has stultified itself?

The party calling itself "the Democracy" professes to be the strong war party. Yet a great defeat of the Union arms would have helped their ticket. They claim to be the true Union party. Yet Jefferson Davis and every rebel leader wishes their success. Which are the dupes or the deceivers, the Copperhead leaders or the rebel chiefs? A party, therefore, which sees that the steady and victorious prosecution of the war must annihilate it, yet which has no hope of securing power but by seeming to favor the war, will inevitably present the appearance which the cynical critic described, of not knowing what it wants.

Yet it is not the end, but the means, of which it is ignorant. It wants political power at any price. Nor is it too harsh to say that if it could procure that ascendency by favoring immediate peace, upon the basis of compromise or separation, looking to future reconstruction, it would not hesitate to adopt that platform. Its misfortune is that it ruled by virtue of its alliance with a system which permanently paralyzed the Constitution, and is now seeking to destroy it. That system and its rebellious effort are equally doomed. And as they go, so go their props and appendages. As slavery sinks, so disappears forever a party which called itself democratic to serve slavery, and consequently repudiated every democratic principle whatever.

A scorpion girt with fire knows what it wants, but seems utterly confused because it knows not how to get it. It wants life; but how shall it pass through the fire?

THE AGRICULTURAL BUREAU.

WHILE we have been engaged in this engrossing war a new Department of the Government has been established, and has risen to the highest practical value. Its operations are necessarily so quiet and private that its worth and scope have hardly been properly estimated. Establishing the most trusty relations with every part of the country, and receiving the most accurate and detailed accounts of the variety, extent, progress, and result of all the crops in the country, it sends every month into the hands of every farmer in the land, if he chooses to take it and read it, a full description of the precise condition of the agriculture of the United States. It thus destroys speculation in food. It shows what the crop is, and inferentially what the price ought to be. It distributes flowers, and fruit, and vegetables, and grain, and trees It supervises the experiments which single cultivators might feel themselves to be too poor to try, and disseminates the results. Its machinery gives it facilities which no private farmer can command; and the great benefit which France has always derived from its agricultural bureau will be renewed and surpassed in the United States.

No institution could be more advantageous to the farmer, and none deserves from him a more cordial and effective sympathy. Every farming club and horticultural or pomological society which has not established relations with it is the loser by the delay.

AS YOU WERE.

THE gentleman who calls mad rioters and assassins his friends, lately said in a public speech that spite of the Vice-President we will have the Union-as-it-was. His friends responded with "tremendous applause." But in one or two little points, perhaps, the Union will not be so much as-it-was in the palmy days of Buchanan as in those of Washington.

For instance, in the Union-as-it-was ten years ago Mr. Horatio Seymour, of New York, could go into Carolina or Georgia and say what he pleased of public affairs, and Mr. William H. Seward, of New York, his equal fellow-citizen, could not. In the Union-as-it-will-be, and as-it-was when it was made, Mr. Horatio Seymour will have no privilege which Mr. Seward has not.

Then in the Union-as-it-was two years ago chattel slavery existed in several of the States. But in the Union-as-it-was-meant-to-be by the fathers, and in the Union-as-it-will-be, there will be no chattel slavery in those States.

Again, in the Union-as-it-was when Mr. Seymour was for the first time Governor of New York, and gave Miss Murray, Victoria's lady of honor, those charming views of the delights of slavery which she reproduced in her book, it was enough to secure great reputation as a "national statesman, that a man should become the nimble lackey of slavery. In the Union-as-it-will-be the test of nationality will be devotion to liberty and equal rights, and not to the interest of an aristocratic party.

The Union-as-it-was in the days of Washington, according to Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, was made by men who believed that Slavery was dying out. The Union-as-it-was in the days of Buchanan, Toucey, Cobb, Floyd, and Thompson, was officered by men who were resolved that slavery should live and grow. *That* is the Union which our worthy Governor says he means to have. The Union-as-it-was-made is that for which Vice-President Hamlin pronounces. Do wise men think that the country will follow Vallandigham, Seymour, and Fernando Wood, or Washington, Jefferson, and Abraham Lincoln?

THE NEW GOSPEL OF PEACE.

THE second book of this most universally popular and effective political pamphlet of the war has just appeared. Like the first book, it owes nothing to elaborate advertising or vigorous puffing. Indeed it is a remarkable fact in the history of our literature, that the first part was quietly issued, and apparently quietly ignored by the press, but gradually making itself known and felt, appeared upon every newspaper stand, and was intimately known to every circle in the country. The actual service it has wrought for the good cause is very great. Like the pamphlets of Defoe, it is not above the easy comprehension and delight of plainest people, while by its trenchant blows it commands the admiration of the most intelligent public. Our political satires hitherto have been generally beneath contempt or above general comprehension. The true wit and power of some of them have commended them indeed to the purely literary classes, but they have not commanded the interest and laughing assent of the great busy crowd of the country. The sale of the first book of The New Gospel is already prodigious, and that of the second will doubtless be like unto it. It treats of events of the last summer. It even alludes to the practice of the doctrines of the New Gospel as seen in the streets of New York in July. The charm of novelty is naturally wanting, but it seems to us not less racy than the earlier part.

The authorship remains a secret. Claims are now asserted for some source beyond Albany, possibly among the fountains of the Hudson. The work has been attributed to a score of literary gentlemen in the city. But the author and the publisher guard their secret well; and whoever he may be the writer of the "New Gospel of Peace" has secured his place in the memorabilia of the war.

PURE CASTILIAN.

THE Archduke Maximilian of Austria is accounted one of the cleverest princes in Europe. That may or may not be praise. That he should find the Mexican adventure alluring is not surprising. For he can not wear the crown at home, and to be emperor and regenerator of a nation—for, of course, this must be his own programme—is a chance which he can not willingly forego. He says, indeed, that he must have a popular call to the throne. But his next friend of France understands exactly how popular calls to the throne are managed, and that will not be wanting. Then he must have guarantees. But guarantee is a strong word. He will doubtless acquiesce in recognition. Yet it seems hardly possible that he seriously supposes he can long sit upon a Mexican throne sustained by French bayonets.

If it is asked whether every nation is not interested in having a permanent and peaceable government in Mexico, the answer is very plain that it is. But if then it be asked whether every nation is not much more interested in the maintenance of the principle that every nation shall manage its internal affairs for itself, is the answer any less plain? If Louis Napoleon had said that the Mexican Government could not and would not secure the French debt, and therefore he meant to occupy a port and pay himself, the proceeding would have been unfortunate, but he would have had some reason. But to conquer a foreign country which in no manner threatens the peace or power of France, is as wanton as any raid of Ghengis Khan's, and is an act which threatens the peace of the world by subverting a cardinal principle of international comity.

It will scarcely compensate for so gross an offense that the enthusiasm of Almonte & Co. "reached the highest pitch" upon occasion of their introduction to Maximilian; "for on leaving the presence one of them declared that the very sight of this incomparable Princess would be worth to her august husband an army of forty thousand men; and that there was not a single partisan of Juarez who, at the aspect of the Archduchess Charlotte, would not become an enthusiastic imperialist." She spoke to them "in the purest Castilian." So if an embassy of rebels should offer a throne at Washington to any Prince or Duke in Europe we should all be charmed, should we not, if his wife should address them in English? The Mexican conquest, thus far, is—excepting the lives it has cost—a comedy. But it may become a tragedy at any moment from which the purest Castilian could not extricate the loveliest Princess.

THE OPERA.

THE Opera goes bravely on. As we supposed, *Roberto Devereaux* was a failure; but *Ione* is the most signal success of a new opera since the *Trovatore.* It seems hard to persuade managers that it is not enough that a work should be new to the audience, it must also be striking to secure popular success. True to his vocation as an enterprising manager, however, Mr. Maretzek offers us still another new and very famous work—the *Faust*—with one of the most delightful of the older operas, *Lucrezia Borgia.* For Medori there could not be a finer *rôle.* Her queenly aspect and tragic style peculiarly fit her for Lucrezia; while Mazzoleni's passionate tenderness give to Gennaro a newer charm.

The Opera is so evanescent a pleasure in the city that it is necessary to inform all Loungers from time to time when they can hear the finest operas most adequately sung at the Academy. That time is now.

CARLYLE.

SINCE the melancholy gibe of Carlyle at this country we have heard little of him until meeting this picture of him by Mr. M. D. Conway. He is still at work upon his Frederick:

> "The Idolator of Work, Carlyle, remains in his room, grimly facing the grim phantom of the Old King—neither suffering the other to rest. You may see him sometimes with a wide-awake hat going out on horseback, generally toward Croydon, which Johnson's life has made one of his Meccas; but the ride seems to have little recreation in it. Carlyle has in his study nineteen different portraits of Frederick, and more than two thousand books, in many languages, which bear upon the life he is writing. Every other picture, and every book not bearing on that life, he has excluded from his study. The spiritualists, of which there are not a few in London, say that he is possessed by the spirit of Frederick, and that he is not responsible for the things he writes now about slavery or any thing else, and that when the life is completed he will awaken as from a spell, and be clothed and in his right mind. The grief of such men as Maurice, Hughes, Browning, and others over the late wild utterances of Carlyle is terrible. They regard it as the result of a very morbid state of mind and body, and it is probable that the publishers of magazines will in future refuse to allow such melancholy exposures as that which took place in *Macmillan.* But none feel angry with Carlyle who know him well; for he is utterly unselfish in his utterances, and the friends of oppression who think him as mean and selfish as themselves are sure to get, if they approach him, a fearful tomahawking."

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

BY direction of the President of the United States, Major-General B. F. BUTLER, United States Volunteers, has been appointed to the command of the Eighteenth Army Corps, and the Department of Virginia and North Carolina. Major-General J. G. FOSTER, on being relieved by Major-General BUTLER, will report in person for orders to the Adjutant-General of the army.

CHARLES R. ELLET, commanding the Mississippi Marine brigade, died suddenly on 29th ult., at Bunker's Hill, Illinois.

Lieutenant MOSES S. STUYVESANT, executive officer of the *Housatonic*, has been detached from her and ordered to the iron-clad *Weehawken*, *vice* Lieutenant-Commander T. H. EASTMAN, assigned to the command of the *Flag.*

There is no probability now that General HEINTZELMAN will resume command of the Department of Washington, a week having elapsed since he reported for duty.

Admiral DAHLGREN is now feeling in excellent health, and is gaining in flesh and spirits. He expresses great confidence in the final success of the naval and military operations against Charleston, and that at no distant day.

Major-General HUNTER has left Washington on an inspecting tour of GRANT's army and other forces West.

General AUGUR will in a few days be relieved from duty on his Court-martial, and probably sent into the field.

Colonel D. T. CHANDLER, formerly of the old regular army, who was captured last spring by the Potomac flotilla while attempting to make his way into Virginia, has been released from confinement as a state prisoner, and is held for exchange.

General B. H. GRIERSON arrived in Springfield, Illinois, on 26th ult., from his home at Jacksonville. He will spend a few days in Chicago, and thence return to his command at Memphis. Though still suffering from lameness, his friends will be glad to learn that he is improving in health.

Major MOSEBY, the famous guerrilla, dined in the Marshall House at Alexandria on September 30, and then had the impudence to inform the public of the fact by placarding it in chalk on a dead-wall in town, over his own signature.

An effort is making to gather the remains of those who fell in the battle of Perryville, Kentucky, in one common burial-ground, as is to be done at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

A court-martial, of which Colonel GRAY, Sixth Michigan cavalry, is President, has been appointed for the trial of military offenses.

Captain BENJAMIN F. SANDS has been detached from the *Dacotah* and ordered to the command of the *Fort Jackson.*

Captain JAMES ALDEN has been ordered to the command of the *Brooklyn.*

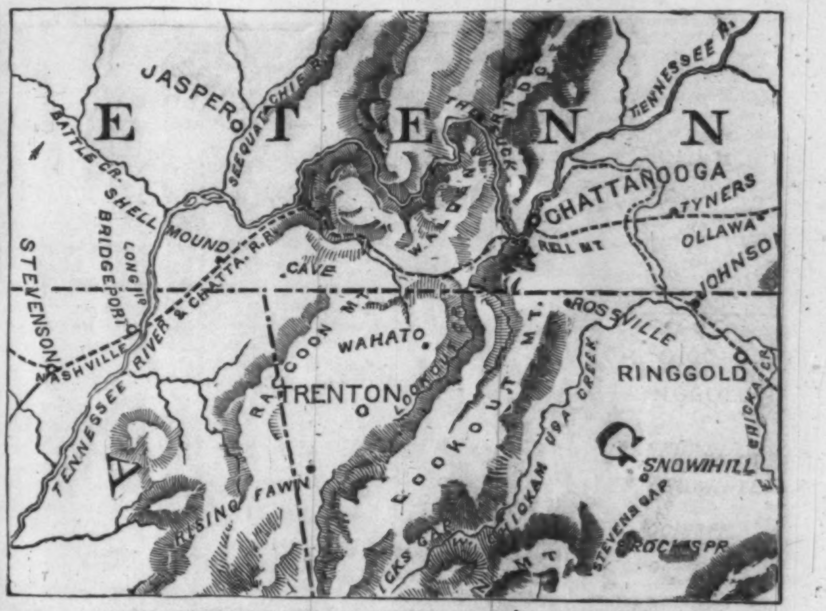
Lieutenant RODERICK PRENTISS has been ordered to the *Oneida.*

Lieutenant S. D. GREENE has been ordered on special duty at New York.

Lieutenant-Commander WM. D. WHITING, commanding the *Ottowa*, has been detached from her and ordered North for a new and larger command. Lieutenant-Commander S. LIVINGSTON BREESE will succeed him.

Commander PIERCE CROSBY has been detached as Fleet Captain of the North Atlantic blockading squadron, and ordered to command the *Florida.*

We were in error in stating lately that private BLAKE, who stabbed private REDSON in the Army of the Potomac, belonged to Onderdonk's Mounted Rifles. Both BLAKE and REDSON were members of a Pennsylvania Battery. Onderdonk's Mounted Rifles are one of the finest and best-ordered regiments in the service.



MAP SHOWING THE SCENE OF GENERAL HOOKER'S RECENT FIGHT.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A FIGHT NEAR BRIDGEPORT.

THE following has been received at the head-quarters of the army:

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE, Oct. 29, 1863.

Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

SIR,—In the fight of last night the enemy attacked General Geary's division, posted at Wauhatchie, on three sides, and broke his camp at one point, but was driven back in most gallant style by part of his force, the remainder being held in reserve.

General Howard, while marching to Geary's relief, was attacked in the flank, the enemy occupying in force two commanding hills on the left of the road.

General Howard immediately threw forward two of his regiments, and took both at the point of the bayonet, driving the enemy from his breast-works and across Lookout Creek.

In this brilliant success over their old adversary, the conduct of the officers and men of the Eleventh and Twelfth corps is entitled to the highest praise.

GEORGE H. THOMAS, Major-General.

NET RESULTS.

The following was also received:

CHATTANOOGA, Oct. 29—11.30 P.M.

Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

Since the fight of the night of the 28th the enemy has not disturbed us.

General Hooker took many prisoners, among whom were four officers and one hundred and three men. He also captured nearly a thousand Enfield rifles. His loss was three hundred and fifty, officers and men, killed and wounded.

G. H. THOMAS, Major-General.

GENERAL GRANT TAKES THE COMMAND.

HEAD-QUARTERS, MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, Oct. 18, 1863.

In compliance with General Orders No. 337, of date Washington, D. C., October 16, 1863, the undersigned hereby assumes command of the "Military Division of the Mississippi, embracing the Departments of the Ohio, of the Cumberland, and of the Tennessee."

The head-quarters of the Military Division of the Mississippi will be in the field, where all reports and returns required by army regulations and existing orders will be made.

U. S. GRANT, Major-General.

THOMAS SUPERSEDES ROSECRANS.

GENERAL ORDERS—No. 243.

HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE, Oct. 20, 1863.

In obedience to the orders of the President of the United States, the undersigned hereby assumes command of the Army of the Cumberland.

In assuming the control of this army, so long and ably commanded by Major-General Rosecrans, the undersigned confidently relies upon the hearty co-operation of every officer and soldier of the Army of the Cumberland to enable him to perform the arduous duties devolved upon him.

The officers on duty in the various departments of the staff at these head-quarters will continue in their respective places.

All orders heretofore published for the government of the army will remain in force until further orders.

GEORGE H. THOMAS,
Major-General United States Volunteers

ROSECRANS'S FAREWELL.

GENERAL ORDERS—No. 242.

HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE, Oct. 19, 1863.

The General Commanding announces to the officers and soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland that he leaves them under orders from the President.

Major-General George H. Thomas, in compliance with orders, will assume the command of this army and department.

The chiefs of all the staff departments will report to him.

In taking leave of you, his brothers in arms, officers and soldiers, he congratulates you that your new commander comes not to you, as he did, a stranger. General Thomas has been identified with this army from its first organization. He has led you often in battle. To his known prudence, dauntless courage, and true patriotism you may look with confidence that under God he will lead you to victory.

The General Commanding doubts not you will be as true to yourselves and your country in the future as you have been in the past.

To the division and brigade commanders he tenders his cordial thanks for their valuable and hearty co-operation in all that he has undertaken.

To the chiefs of the staff departments and their subordinates, whom he leaves behind, he owes a debt of gratitude for their fidelity and untiring devotion to duty.

Companions in arms, officers and soldiers, farewell, and may God bless you.

W. S. ROSECRANS, Major-General.

THE LATEST FROM CHARLESTON.

The latest news we have from Charleston is taken from the Richmond *Whig* of the 31st ult., three days later than we have had before. It states that the bombardment of Fort Sumter on the previous day was the heaviest that has yet taken place. From sundown on Wednesday until sundown on Thursday one thousand two hundred shots from fifteen-inch mortars and three hundred pounder Parrotts have been thrown against the fort. The rebel loss is seven wounded. On the evening of the 30th General Gilmore's forces opened fire from the mortar battery at Cummings's Point upon the northeast angle of the fort. The batteries engaged were those at Gregg and Wagner, the centre battery and Cummings's Point battery, with the addition of three Monitors. "The bombardment of Fort Sumter," says the *Whig*, "still goes on, but the fire is much slacker. Our batteries fire slowly and deliberately. The enemy at present pays no attention to them."

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The news from Washington indicates approaching active operations in General Meade's army. All the able-bodied troops under the command of General Martindale, the Military Governor of the capital, are to be relieved from duty and sent to the field. Their place will be supplied by the Invalid Corps. The One Hundred and Fifty-seventh Pennsylvania has already been relieved, and left on 3d. It appears that recent information concerning the movements and strength of the enemy will enable General Meade to take some decisive measures at once.

AFFAIRS IN LOUISIANA.

The troops under General Banks are moving through Western Louisiana, as is supposed, with the ultimate object of redeeming Texas from the rebels. At latest dates, the Nineteenth Army Corps, under General Franklin, had pressed forward to Opelousas, gaining that place on the 22d of October, without meeting a great deal of resistance, notwithstanding the fact that the enemy in large force of infantry, cavalry, and artillery attempted to make a stand about five miles from the town. Carrying out the policy, however, which has actuated them in all their movements so far during the campaign, they quickly retreated before our advance, and are reported to have gone to Alexandria. The head-quarters of the Thirteenth (General Washburne) Army Corps are still at Vermillionville, and all the troops are in fine health and well supplied. At New Orleans an expedition, under General Dana, composed of veteran troops, was being fitted out. Its precise destination was, of course, not divulged, but the general opinion is, that it was intended for some point on the Texas coast. The enlistment of colored soldiers was going on rapidly in the city, and the Union troops had been very successful in the destruction of salt-works, tanneries, and other rebel property across Lake Pontchartrain in Mississippi.

A DROLL COPPERHEAD PLOT.

A curious Copperhead plot in Ohio has come to light. The plan for effecting the release of the prisoners at Camp Chase was as follows: When the prisoners saw a beacon-light at a certain point, they were to be ready to take their leave. The prison guard was to be shot by outside parties, and axes were to be thrown over the walls to the prisoners. The prisoners once out with their axes were to be provided with arms, and then they were to storm the penitentiary, release John Morgan and other Confederate officers, and the whole party were then to start for the Ohio River and cross near Maysville. Cathcart was to go along and receive a commission in the rebel army as a reward for his services. Cathcart was arrested at the house of the Rev. Sabin Hough. Hough is the secessionist to whom Mr. Vallandigham wrote in the year 1861, that the "Union was hopelessly divided."

SUFFERINGS OF UNION PRISONERS.

The arrival of a boat-load of sick Union soldiers at Annapolis from Richmond, reveals a case of most heartless treatment on the part of the rebels to the unfortunate Union prisoners. Those who arrived living were mere skeletons, of whom one-third will probably die, and eight had died of starvation on the voyage from City Point.

CONFEDERATE FINANCES.

The Richmond *Enquirer* of the 27th ultimo, on the question of the Confederate currency, says: "The condition of the currency has become so alarming that its importance has risen even above the excitement of military movements. From every quarter of the Confederacy essays, schemes, expedients, and remedies are daily scattered broadcast over the country, and suggestions of every character and description are urged. One thing is certain and indisputable, that the present financial management is an utter and absolute failure, rendered so not by Mr. Memminger, but by the people themselves. The funding scheme of Mr. M. could succeed only by the prompt and persisting co-operation of the people, by coming forward and continuing to convert the currency into bonds. It is not necessary to inquire into the reasons why the people have failed. The fact that they have not and will not voluntarily fund the currency is an important matter for legislative consideration."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MORE NEUTRALITY.

Two other members of the British Ministry, the Secretary of War and the Solicitor-General, have made speeches on the American war. Both defended the course hitherto pursued by the Government, and the continuance of strict neutrality.

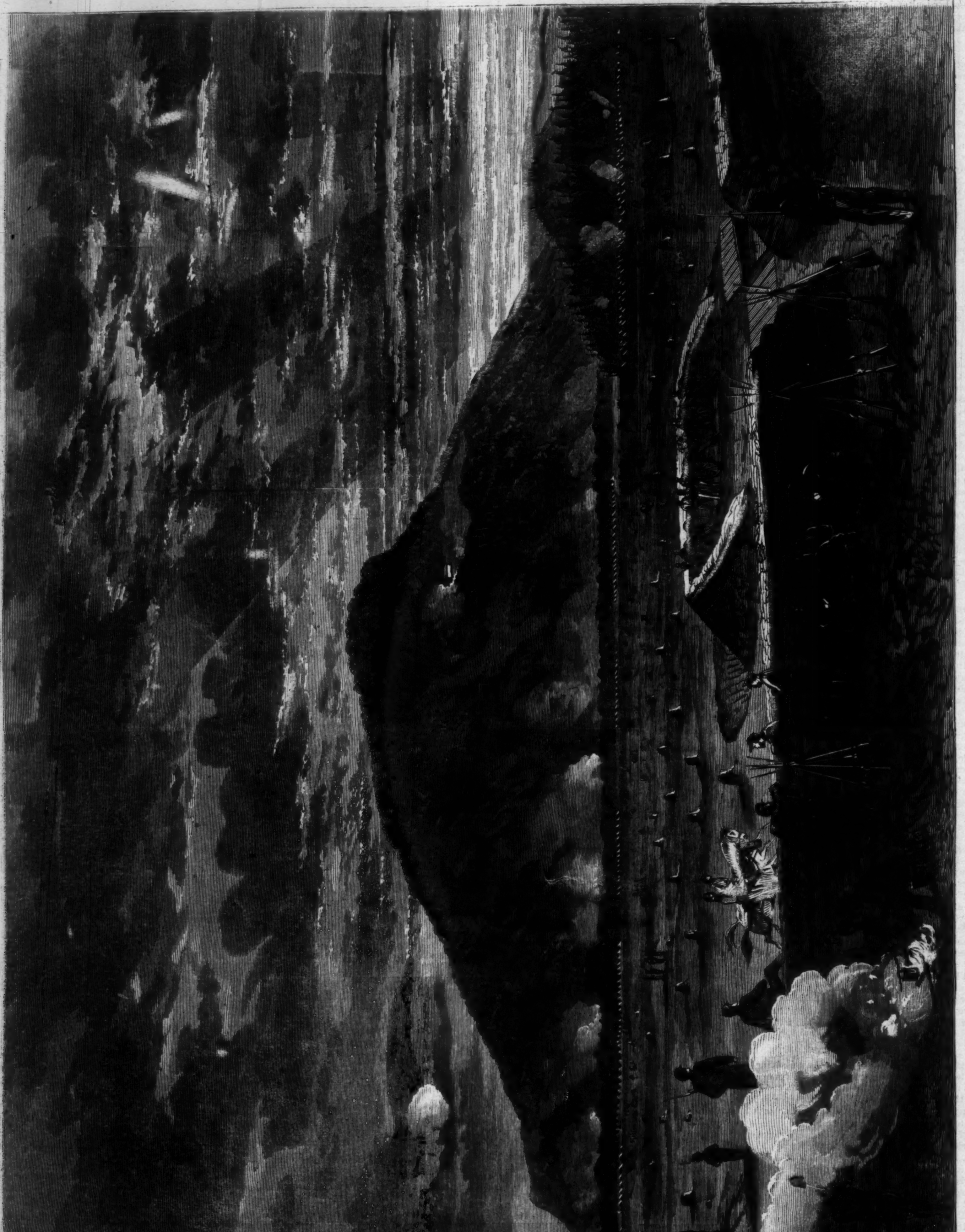
MR. BEECHER AT EXETER HALL.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered a lecture on the American question at Exeter Hall, London, on the 20th of October. The hall was crammed to overflowing, and outside meetings were extemporized. Mr. Beecher was carried into the hall on the shoulders of policemen, being totally unable to make his way through the crowd. The lecture was a perfect success.

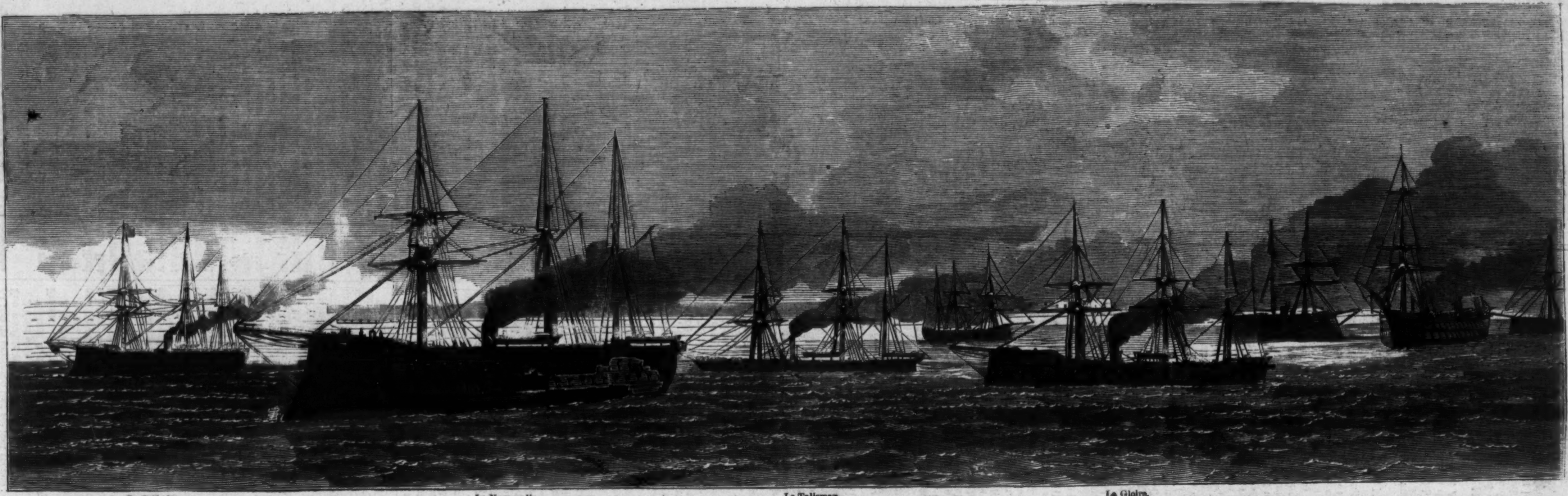
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

THE PIRATES AND THE "VANDERBILT."

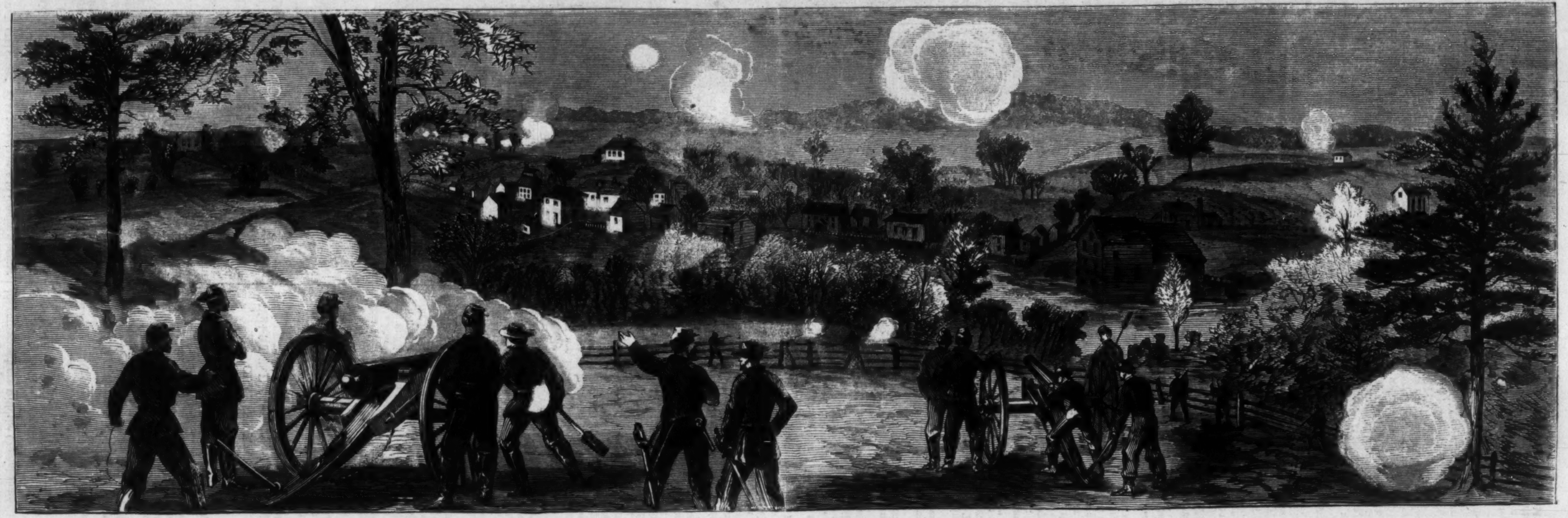
Journals from the Cape of Good Hope, dated to the middle of September, contain some very interesting reports of the movements of the rebel privateer fleet in Simon's Bay and off the coast. The *Vanderbilt* having reached Simon's Bay, Captain Semmes evidently took off his cruisers to avoid her. After this the American traders commenced to move about more freely, still keeping near to shore, however. The South African pilot who took the *Alabama* into port disputed with Semmes on the question of his remuneration, and formed a very poor opinion of the liberality or honesty of the rebel commander in consequence. The writers at the Cape describe the *Alabama* as in excellent trim. The *Vanderbilt* towed a distressed Dutch vessel into port.



LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS FROM OUR WORKS ON CHATTANOOGA CREEK.—THE REBELS SHELLING OUR CAMPS.—[SEE PAGE 727.]


Le Solferino.
La Normandie.
Le Talisman.
La Gloire.

THE FRENCH IRON-CLAD FLEET.—[SEE PAGE 727.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—BUCKLAND, SCENE OF A CAVALRY SKIRMISH WITH STUART.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 727.]

VERY HARD CASH.

BY CHARLES READE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.

AFTER a defiance so bitter and deadly Alfred naturally drew away from his inamorata. But she, boiling with love and hate, said bitterly, "We need not take Mr. Rooke into our secrets. Come, Sir, your arm!"

He stuck it out ungraciously, and averted his head; she took it, suppressed with difficulty a petty desire to pinch, and so walked by his side; he was as much at his ease as if promenading jungles with a panther. She felt him quiver with repugnance under her soft hand; and prolonged the irritating contact. She walked very slowly, and told him with much meaning she was waiting for a signal. "Till then," said she, "we will keep one another company;" biting the word with her teeth as it went out.

By-and-by a window was opened in the asylum and a table-cloth hung out. Mrs. Archbold pointed it out to Alfred; he stared at it; and after that she walked him rapidly home in silence. But, as soon as the door was double-locked on him, she whispered triumphantly in his ear:

"Your mother-in-law was expected to-day; that signal was to let me know she was gone."

"My mother-in-law!" cried the young man, and tried in vain to conceal his surprise and agitation.

"Ay; your mother-in-law, that shall never be: Mrs. Dodd."

"Mrs. Dodd here!" said Alfred, clasping his hands. Then he reflected, and said, coolly: "It is false; what should she come here for?"

"To see your father-in-law."

"My father-in-law? What, is he here too?" said Alfred, with an incredulous sneer.

"Yes, the raving maniac that calls himself Thompson, and that you took to from the first: he is your precious father-in-law—that shall never be."

Alfred was now utterly amazed, and bewildered. Mrs. Archbold eyed him in silent scorn.

"Poor man," said he, at last; and hung his head, sorrowfully. "No wonder then his voice went so to my heart. How strange it all is? and how will it all end?"

"In your being a madman instead of an insolent fool," hissed the viper.

At this moment Beverley appeared at the end of the yard. Mrs. Archbold whistled him to her like a dog. He came running zealously. "Who was that called while I was out?" she inquired.

"A polite lady, madam: she said Sir to me, and thanked me."

"That sounds like Mrs. Dodd," said the Archbold, quietly.

"Ah, but," continued Frank, "there was another with her: a beautiful young lady; oh, so beautiful!"

"Miss Julia Dodd," said the Archbold, grimly.

Alfred panted, and his eyes roved wildly in search of a way to escape and follow her; she could not be far off.

"Any body else, Frank?" inquired Mrs. Archbold.

"No more ladies, madam; but there was a young gentleman all in black; I think he was a clergyman; or a butler."

"Ah, that was her husband that is to be; that was Mr. Hurd. She can go nowhere without him, not even to see her old beau."

At these words, every one of them an adder, Alfred turned on her furiously, and his long arm shot out of its own accord, and the fingers opened like an eagle's claw. She saw, and understood, but never blenched. Her vindictive eye met his dilating flashing orbs unflinchingly.

"You pass for a woman," he said, "and I am too wretched for anger." He turned from her with a deep convulsive sob, and, almost staggering, leaned his brow against the wall of the house.

She had done what no man had as yet succeeded in; she had broken his spirit. And here a man would have left him alone. But the rejected beauty put her lips to his ear, and whispered into them: "This is only the beginning." Then she left him, and went to his room and stole all his paper, and pens, and ink, and his very Aristotle. He was to have no occupation now, except to brood, and brood, and brood.

As for Alfred, he sat down upon a bench in the yard, a broken man: up to this moment he had hoped his Julia was as constant as himself. But no; either she had heard he was mad, and, with the universal credulity had believed it, or perhaps, not hearing from him at all, believed herself forsaken; and was consoling herself with a clergyman. Jealousy did not at first infuriate Alfred. Its first effect resembled that of a heavy blow. Little Beverley found him actually sick, and ran to the Robin. The ex-prize-fighter brought him a thimbleful of brandy: but he would not take it. "Ah, no, my friends," he said, "that can not cure me; it is not my stomach; it is my heart. Broken! broken!"

The Robin retired muttering. Little Beverley kneeled down beside him, and kissed his hand with a humble devotion that savored of the canine.

Yet it was tender, and the sinking heart clung to it. "Oh, Frank!" he cried, "my Julia believes me mad, or thinks me false, or something, and she will marry another before I can get out, to tell her all I have endured was for loving her. What shall I do? God protect my reason! What will become of me?"

He moaned, and young Frank sorrowed over him, till the harsh voice of Rooke summoned him to some menial duty. This discharged, he came running back; and sat on the bench beside his crushed benefactor without saying a word. At last he delivered this sapient speech: "I see. You want to get out of this place."

Alfred only sighed hopelessly.

"Then I must try and get you out," said Frank.

Alfred shook his head.

"Just let me think," said Frank, solemnly; and he sat silent looking like a young owl: for thinking soon puzzled him, and elicited his intellectual weakness; whereas in a grove of duties he could go as smoothly as half the world, and but for his official, officious Protector, might just as well have been Boots at the Swan, as Boots and Chambermaid at the Wolf.

So now force and cunning had declared war on Alfred, and feebleness in person enlisted in his defense. His adversary lost no time; that afternoon Rooke told him he was henceforth to occupy a double-bedded room with another patient.

"If he should be violent in the middle of the night, sing out, and we will come, if we hear you," said the keeper with a malicious smile.

The patient turned out to be the able seaman. Here Mrs. Archbold aimed a double stroke; to shake Alfred's nerves, and show him how very mad his proposed father-in-law was. She thought that, if he could once be forced to realize this, it might reconcile him to not marrying the daughter.

The first night David did get up and paraded an imaginary deck for four mortal hours. Alfred's sleep was broken; but he said nothing; and David turned in again, his watch completed.

Not a day passed now but a blow was struck. Nor was the victim passive; debarred writing materials, he cut the rims off several copies of the *Times*, and secreted them: then catching sight of some ink-blots on the back of Frank's clothes-brush, scraped them carefully off, melted them in a very little water, and with a toothpick scrawled his wrongs to the Commissioners; he rolled the slips round a half-crown, and wrote outside, "Good Christian, keep this half-crown, and take the writing to the Lunacy Commissioners at Whitehall, for pity's sake." This done, he watched, and when nobody was looking flung his letter, so weighted, over the gates: he heard it fall on the public road.

Another day he secreted a spoonful of black currant preserve, diluted it with a little water, and wrote a letter, and threw it into the road as before: another day, hearing the Robin express disgust at the usage to which he was now subjected, he drew him apart, and offered him a hundred pounds to get him out. Now the ex-prize-fighter was rather a tender-hearted fellow, and a great detester of foul play. What he saw made him now side heartily with Alfred; and all he wanted was to be indemnified for his risk.

He looked down and said, "You see, Sir, I have a wife and child to think of."

Alfred offered him a hundred pounds.

"That is more than enough, Sir," said the Robin; "but you see I can't do it alone; I must have a pal in it. Could you afford as much to Garrett? He is the likeliest; I've heard him say as much as that he was sick of the business."

Alfred jumped at the proposal: he would give them a hundred apiece.

"I'll sound him," said the Robin; "don't you speak to him whatever. He might blow the gaff. I must begin by making him drunk: then he'll tell me his real mind."

One fine morning the house was made much cleaner than usual; the rotatory chair, in which they used to spin a maniac like a tee-totum, the restraint chairs, and all the paraphernalia, were sent into the stable, and so disposed that, even if found, they would look like things scorned and dismissed from service: for Wolfe, mind you, professed the non-restraint system.

Alfred asked what was up, and found all this was in preparation for the quarterly visit of the Commissioners; a visit intended to be a surprise; but Drayton House always knew when they were coming, and the very names of the two thunderbolts that thought to surprise them.

Mrs. Archbold communicated her knowledge in off-hand terms. "It is only two old women, Bartlett and Terry."

The gentlemen thus flatteringly heralded arrived next day. One, an aged, infirm man, with a grand benevolent head, bald front and silver hair, and the gold-headed cane of his youth, now a dignified crutch; the other, an ordinary looking little chap enough: with this merit, he was what he looked. They had a long interview with Mrs. Archbold first, for fear they should carry a naked eye into the asylum; Mr. Bartlett, acting on instructions, very soon inquired about Alfred. Mrs. Archbold's face put on friendly concern directly. "I am sorry to say he is not so well as he was a fortnight ago; not nearly so well. We have given him walks in the country, too; but I regret to say they did him no real good; he came back much excited, and now he shuns the other patients, which he used not to do." In short, she gave them the impression that Alfred was a moping melancholiac.

"Well, I had better see him," said Mr. Bartlett, "just to satisfy the Board."

Alfred was accordingly sent for, and asked with an indifferent air how he was.

He said he was very well in health, but in sore distress of mind at his letters to the Commissioners being intercepted by Mrs. Archbold or Dr. Wolf.

Mrs. Archbold smiled, pityingly. Mr. Bartlett caught her glance, and concluded this was one of the patient's delusions. (Formula.)

Alfred surprised the glances, and said, "You can hardly believe this, because the act is illegal. But a great many illegal acts, that you never detect, are done in asylums. However, it is not a question of surmise: I sent four letters in the regular way since I came. Here are their several dates. Pray make a note to inquire whether they have reached Whitehall or not."

"Oh, certainly, to oblige you," said Mr. Bartlett, and made the note.

Mrs. Archbold looked rather discomposed at that.

"And now, gentlemen," said Alfred, "since Mrs. Archbold has had a private interview, which I see she has abused to poison your mind against me, I claim as simple justice a private interview to disabuse you."

"You are the first patient ever told me to walk out of my own drawing-room," said Mrs. Archbold, rising white with ire and apprehension, and sweeping out of the room.

By this piece of female petulance she gave the enemy a point in the game; for, if she had insisted on staying, Mr. Bartlett was far too weak to have dismissed her. As it was, he felt shocked at Alfred's rudeness, and so small a thing as justice did not in his idea counterbalance so great a thing as discourtesy; so he listened to Alfred's tale with the deadly apathy of an unwilling hearer. "Pour on: I will endure," as poor Lear says.

As for Dr. Terry, he was pictorial, but null; effete; emptied of brains by all-scooping Time. If he had been detained that day at Drayton House, and Frank Beverley sent back in his place to Whitehall, it would have mattered little to him, less to the nation, and nothing to mankind.

At last Mr. Bartlett gave Alfred some hopes he was taking in the truth; for he tore a leaf out of his memorandum-book, wrote on it, and passed it to Dr. Terry. The ancient took it with a smile, and seemed to make an effort to master it, but failed; it dropped simultaneously from his finger and his mind.

Not a question was put to Alfred; so he was fain to come to an end; he withdrew suddenly, and caught Mrs. Archbold at the keyhole. "Noble adversary!" said he, and stalked away and hid himself hard by: and no sooner did the inspectors come out, and leave the coast clear, than he darted in and looked for the paper Mr. Bartlett had passed to Dr. Terry.

He found it on the floor, and took it eagerly up; and full of hope and expectation, read these words:

WHAT IS THE NAME OF THE STUFF THE MATRON'S GOWN IS MADE OF? I SHOULD LIKE TO BUY MRS. BARTLETT ONE LIKE IT.

Alfred stood and read this again, and again; he searched for some hidden symbolical meaning in the words. High-minded, and deeply impressed with his own wrongs, he could not conceive a respectable man, paid fifteen hundred a year to spy out wrongs, being so heartless hard as to write this single comment during the earnest recital of a wrong so gigantic as his. Poor Alfred learned this to his cost, that to put small men into great places is to create monsters. When he had realized the bitter truth, he put the stony-hearted paper in his pocket, crept into the yard, and sat down, and, for all he could do, scalding tears ran down his cheeks.

"Homunculi quanti sunt!" he sobbed. "Homunculi quanti sunt!"

Presently he saw Dr. Terry come wandering toward him alone. The Archbold had not deigned to make him safe; senectitude had done that. Alfred, all heart-sick as he was, went to the old gentleman out of veneration for the outside of his head—which was Shakspearian—and pity for his bodily infirmity, and offered him an arm. The doctor thanked him sweetly, and said, "Pray, young man, have you any thing to communicate?"

Then Alfred saw that the ancient man had already forgotten his face, and so looking at him with that rare instrument of official inspection, the naked eye, had seen he was sane; and consequently taken him for a keeper.

How swiftly the mind can roam, and from what a distance gather the materials of a thought! Flashed like lightning through Alfred's mind this line from one of his pets, the Greek philosophers:

> Και τουτο μεγιστης εστι τεχνης αγαθα ποιεῖν τα κακα.
>
> "And this is the greatest stroke of art, to turn an evil into a good."

Now the feebleness of this aged Inspector was an evil: the thing then was to turn it into a good. Shade of Plato, behold how thy disciple worked thee! "Sir," said he, sinking his voice mysteriously, "I have: but I am a poor man; you won't say I told you: it's as much as my place is worth."

"Confidence, strict confidence," replied Nestor, going over beaten tracks; for he had kept many a queer secret with the loyalty which does his profession so much honor.

"Then, Sir, there's a young gentleman confined here, who is no more mad than you and I; and never was mad."

"You don't say so."

"That I do, Sir: and they know they are doing wrong, Sir: for they stop all his letters to the Commissioners; and that is unlawful, you know. Would you like to take a note of it all, Sir?"

The old fogy said he thought he should, and groped vaguely for his note-book: he extracted it at last like a loose tooth, fumbled with it, and dropped it: Alfred picked it up fuming inwardly.

The ancient went to write, but his fingers were weak and hesitating, and by this time he had half forgotten what he was going to say. Alfred's voice quavered with impatience; but he fought it down, and offered as coolly as he could to write it for him: the offer was accepted, and he wrote down in a feigned hand, very clear,

"Drayton House, Oct. 5. A sane patient, Alfred Hardie, confined here from interested motives. Has written four letters to the Commissioners, all believed to be intercepted. Communicated to me in confidence by an attendant in the house. Refer to the party himself, and his correspondence with the Commissioners from Dr. Wycherley's: also to Thomas Wales, another attendant; and to Dr. Wycherley: also to Dr. Eskell, and Mr. Abbott, Commissioners of Lunacy."

After this stroke of address Alfred took the first opportunity of leaving him, and sent Frank Beverley to him.

Thus Alfred, alarmed by the hatred of Mrs. Archbold, and racked with jealousy, exerted all his intelligence and played many cards for liberty. One he kept in reserve; and a trump card too. Having now no ink nor coloring matter, he did not hesitate, but out penknife, up sleeve, and drew blood from his arm, and with it wrote once more to the Commissioners, but kept this letter hidden for an ingenious purpose. What that was my reader shall divine.

CHAPTER XLV.

WE left Julia Dodd a district visitor. Visiting in a dense parish she learned the depths of human misery, bodily and mental.

She visited an honest widow, so poor that she could not afford a farthing dip, but sat in the dark. When friends visited her they sometimes brought a candle to talk by.

She visited a cripple who often thanked God sincerely for leaving her the use of one thumb.

She visited a poor creature who for sixteen years had been afflicted with a tumor in the neck, and had lain all those years on her back with her head in a plate; the heat of a pillow being intolerable. Julia found her longing to go, and yet content to stay: and praising God in all the lulls of that pain, which was her companion day and night.

But were I to enumerate the ghastly sights, the stifling loathsome odors, the vulgar horrors upon horrors this refined young lady faced, few of my readers would endure on paper for love of truth, what she endured in reality for love of suffering humanity and of Him whose servant she aspired to be.

Probably such sacrifices of selfish ease and comfort are never quite in vain; they tend in many ways to heal our own wounds: I won't say that bodily suffering is worse than mental; but it is realized far more vividly by a spectator. The grim heart-breaking sights she saw arrayed Julia's conscience against her own grief; the more so when she found some of her most afflicted ones resigned, and even grateful. "What," said she, "can they, all rags, disease, and suffering, bow so cheerfully to the will of Heaven, and have I the wickedness, the impudence, to repine?"

And then, happier than most district visitors, she was not always obliged to look on helpless, or to confine her consolations to good words. Mrs. Dodd was getting on famously in her groove. She was high in the confidence of Cross and Co., and was inspecting eighty ladies, as well as working: her salary and profits together were not less than five hundred pounds a year; and her one luxury was charity, and Julia its minister. She carried a good honest basket, and there you might see her Bible wedged in with wine, and meat, and tea and sugar: and still, as these melted in her round, a little spark of something warm would sometimes come in her own sick heart. Thus by degrees she was attaining, not earthly happiness, but a grave and pensive composure.

Yet across it gusts of earthly grief came sweeping often; but these she hid till she was herself again.

To her mother and brother she was kinder, sweeter, and dearer if possible, than ever. They looked on her as a saint; but she knew better; and used to blush with honest shame when they called her so. "Oh don't, pray don't," she would say, with unaffected pain. "Love me as if I was an angel; but do not praise me; that turns my eyes inward and makes me see myself. I am not a Christian yet, nor any thing like one."

Returning one day from her duties very tired, she sat down to take off her bonnet in her own room, and presently heard snatches of an argument, that made her prick those wonderful little ears of hers that could almost hear through a wall. The two concluding sentences were sufficiently typical of the whole dialogue.

"Why disturb her?" said Mrs. Dodd. "She is getting better of 'the wretch;' and my advice is, say nothing: what harm can that do?"

"But then it is so unfair, so ungenerous, to keep any thing from the poor girl that may concern her."

At this moment Julia came softly into the room with her curiosity hidden under an air of angelic composure.

Her mother asked after Mrs. Beecher, to draw her into conversation. She replied, quietly, that Mrs. Beecher was no better, but very thankful for the wine Mrs. Dodd had sent her. This answer given, she went without any apparent hurry and sat by Edward, and fixed two loving imploring eyes on him in silence. Oh, subtle sex! This feather was to turn the scale, and make him talk unquestioned. It told. She was close to him too, and mamma at the end of the room.

"Look here, Ju," said he, putting his hands in his pockets, "we two have always been friends as well as brother and sister; and somehow it does not seem like a friend to keep things dark:" then to Mrs. Dodd: "She is not a child, mother, after all; and how can it be wrong to tell her the truth, or right to suppress the truth? Well then, Ju, there's an advertisement in the '*Tiser*,' and it's a regular riddle. Now mind, I don't really think there is any thing in it; but it is a droll coincidence, very droll; if it wasn't there are ladies present, and one of them a district visitor, I would say, d—d droll. So droll," continued he, getting warm, "that I should like to punch the advertiser's head."

"Let me see it, dear," said Julia. "I dare say it is nothing worth punching about."

"There," said Edward. "I've marked it."

Julia took the paper, and her eye fell on this short advertisement:

AILEEN AROON.—DISTRUST APPEARANCES.

Looking at her with some anxiety, they saw the paper give one sharp rustle in her hands, and then quiver a little. She bowed her head over it, and every thing seemed to swim. But she never moved; they could neither of them see her face, she defended herself with the paper. The letters cleared again, and, still hiding her face, she studied, and studied the advertisement.

"Come, tell us what you think of it," said Edward. "Is it any thing? or a mere coincidence?"

"It is a pure coincidence," said Mrs. Dodd, with an admirable imitation of cool confidence.

Julia said nothing; but she now rose and put both arms round Edward's neck, and kissed him fervidly again and again, holding the newspaper tight all the time.

"There," said Mrs. Dodd: "see what you have done."

"Oh, it is all right," said Edward, cheerfully. "The British fireman is getting hugged no end. Why what is the matter? have you got the hiccough, Ju?"

"No; no! You are a true brother. I knew all along that he would explain all if he was alive: and he *is* alive," kissing the '*Tiser* violently more than once; this done, she fluttered away with it to her own room, ashamed to show her joy, and yet not able to hide it.

Mrs. Dodd shook her head, sorrowfully: and Edward began to look rueful and doubt whether he had done wisely. I omit the discussion that followed. But the next time his duties permitted him to visit them, Mrs. Dodd showed him the '*Tiser* in her turn, and with her pretty white taper finger pointed grimly to the following advertisement:

AILEEN AROON.—I *do* DISTRUST APPEARANCES. But if you ever loved me explain them at once. I have something for you from your dear sister.

"Poor simple girl," said Mrs. Dodd, "not to see that, if he could explain at all, he *would* explain, not go advertising an enigma after such a mystification. And to think of my innocent dove putting in that she had something for him from his sister; a mighty temptation to such a wretch!"

"It was wonderfully silly," said Edward; "and such a clever girl, too; but you ladies can't stick to one thing at a time; begging your pardon, mamma."

Mrs. Dodd took no notice of this remark.

"To see her lower herself so!" she said, "O, my son, I am mortified." And Mrs. Dodd leaned her cheek against Edward's, and sighed.

"Now don't you cry, mammy," said he, sorrowfully. "I'll break every bone in his skin, for your comfort."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Mrs. Dodd, anxiously. "What, are you not aware she would hate you?"

"Hate me! her brother!"

"She would hate us all, if we laid a finger on that wretch. Pray interfere no more, love; foolish child, talking to me about women, and it is plain you know nothing of their hearts: and a good thing *for* you." She then put on maternal authority (nobody could do it more easily) and solemnly forbade all violence.

He did not venture to contradict her now; but cherished his resolution all the more, and longed for the hour when he might take "the wretch" by the throat, and chastise him, the more publicly the better.

Now, the above incident that revealed Julia's real heart, which she had been hiding more or less all this time from those who could not sympathize with her, took eventually a turn unfavorable to "the wretch." So he might well be called. Her great and settled fear had always been that Alfred was dead. Under the immediate influence of his father's cunning, she had for a moment believed he was false; but so true and loving a heart could not rest in that opinion. In true love, so long as there is one grain of uncertainty, there is a world of faith and credulous ingenuity. Now, as Alfred had never been seen since, as nobody could say he was married to another, there was a grain of uncertainty as to his unfaithfulness, and this her true heart magnified to a mountain.

But now matters wore another face. She was sure he had written the advertisement. Who but he, out of the few that take the words of any song to heart, admired Aileen Aroon? Who but he, out of the three or four people who might possibly care for that old song, had appearances to explain away? and who but he knew they took in the *Morning Advertiser?* She waited then for the explanation she had invited. She read the advertising column every day over and over.

Not a word more.

Then her womanly pride was deeply wounded. What, had she courted an explanation where most ladies would have listened to none; and courted it in vain!

Her high spirit revolted. Her heart swelled against the repeated insults she had received: this last one filled the bitter cup too high.

And then her mother came in and assured her he had only inserted that advertisement to keep her in his power. He has heard you are recovering, and that you are admired by others more worthy of your esteem.

Julia cried bitterly at these arguments, for she could no longer combat them.

And Mr. Hurd was very attentive and kind. And when he spoke to Julia, and Julia turned away, her eye was sure to meet Mrs. Dodd's eye imploring her secretly not to discourage the young man too much. And so she was gently pulled by one, and gently thrust by another, away from her first lover and toward his successor.

It is an old, old story. Fate seems to exhaust its malice on our first love. For the second the road is smoother. Matters went on so some weeks, and it was perfectly true that Mr. Hurd escorted both ladies one day to Drayton House, at Julia's request, and not Mrs. Dodd's. Indeed, the latter lady was secretly hurt at his being allowed to come with them.

One Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Dodd went alone to Drayton House, by appointment. David was like a lamb, but, as usual, had no knowledge of her. Mrs. Archbold told her a quiet, intelligent patient had taken a great fancy to him, and she thought this was adding much to his happiness. "May I see him to thank him?" asked Mrs. Dodd. "Oh, certainly," said Mrs. Archbold; "I'll inquire for him." She went out, but soon returned, saying, "He is gone out for a walk with the head keeper: we give him as much air and amusement as we can; we hope soon to send him out altogether, cured." "Truly kind and thoughtful," said Mrs. Dodd. Soon after, she kissed Mrs. Archbold, and pressed a valuable brooch upon her: and then took leave. However, at the gate she remembered her parasol. Mrs. Archbold said she would go back for it. Mrs. Dodd would not hear of that: Mrs. Archbold insisted, and settled the question by going. She was no sooner in the house than young Frank Beverley came running to Mrs. Dodd, and put the missing parasol officiously into her hand. "Oh, thank you, Sir," said she; "will you be so kind as to tell Mrs. Archbold I have it." And with this they parted, and the porter opened the gate to her, and she got into her hired cab. She leaned her head back, and, as usual, was lost in the sorrowful thoughts of what had been, and what now was. Poor wife, each visit to Drayton House opened her wound afresh. On reaching the stones there was a turnpike. This roused her up: she took out her purse and paid it. As she drew back to her seat, she saw out of the tail of her feminine eye the edge of something white under her parasol. She took up the parasol, and found a written paper pinned on to it: she detached this paper, and examined it all over with considerable curiosity. It consisted of a long slip about an inch and a quarter broad, rolled like tape, and tied with pack-thread. She could not see the inside, of course, but she read the superscription: it was firmly but clearly written, in red ink apparently.

Of the words I shall only say at present that they were strong and simple, and that their effect on the swift intelligence and tender heart of Mrs. Dodd was overpowering. They knocked at her heart; they drew from her an audible cry of pity more eloquent than a thousand speeches: and the next moment she felt a little faint; for she knew now the appeal was not in red ink, but in something very fit to pass between the heart of woe and the heart of pity. She smelt at her salts, and soon recovered that weakness: and now her womanly bosom swelled so with the milk of human kindness that her breath came short. After a little struggle, she gushed out aloud, "Ah, that I will, poor soul; this very moment." Now, by this time she was close to her own house.

She stopped the cab at the door, and asked the driver if his horse was fresh enough to carry her to the Board of Lunacy: "It is at Whitehall, Sir," said she. "Lord bless you, ma'am," said the cabman, "Whitehall? why my mare would take you to Whitechapel and back in an hour, let alone Whitehall."

Reassured on that point Mrs. Dodd went in just to give the servant an order: but, as she stood in the passage, she heard her children's voices, and also a friend's; the genial, angry tones of Alexander Sampson, M.D.

She thought, "Oh, I *must* just show them all the paper, before I go with it;" and so after a little buzz about dinner and things with Sarah, mounted the stairs, and arrived among them singularly apropos, as it happened.

Men like Sampson, who make many foes, do also make stancher friends than ever the Hare does, and are faithful friends themselves. The boisterous doctor had stuck to the Dodds in all their distresses; and, if they were ever short of money, it certainly was not his fault: for almost his first word, when he found them in a lodging, was, "Now, ye'll be wanting a Chick. Gimme pen and ink, and I'll just draw ye one; for a hundre." This being declined politely by Mrs. Dodd, he expostulated. "Mai—dear—Madam, how on airth can ye go on in such a place as London without a Chick?"

He returned to the charge at his next visit, and scolded her well for her pride. "Who iver hard of refusing a chick? a small inoffensive chick, from an old friend like me? Come now, behave! Just a wee chick: I'll let y' off for fifty."

"Give us your company and your friendship," said Mrs. Dodd; "we value them above gold: we will not rob your dear children while we have as many fingers on our hands as other people."

On the present occasion Dr. Sampson, whose affectionate respect for the leading London physicians has already displayed itself, was inveighing specially against certain specialists, whom, in the rapidity of his lusty eloquence, he called the Mad Ox. He favored Julia and Edward with a full account of the maniform enormities he had detected them in during thirty years' practice; and so descended to his present grievance. A lady, an old friend of his, was being kept in a certain asylum month after month because she had got money and relations, and had once been delirious. "And why was she delirious? because she had a brain-fever: she got well in a fortnight." This lady had thrown a letter over the wall addressed to him; somebody had posted it: he had asked the Commissioners to let him visit her; they had declined for the present. "Yon Board always sides with the strong against the weak," said he. So now he had bribed the gardener, and make a midnight assignation with the patient; and was going to it with six stout fellows to carry her off by force. "That is my recipe for alleged Insanity," said he. "The business will be more like a mejæval knight carrying off a namorous nun out of a convint, than a good physician saving a pashint from the Mad Ox. However, Mrs. Saampson's in the secret; I daunt say sh' approves it; for she doesn't. She says, 'Go quitely to the Board of Commissioners.' Sis I, 'My dear, Boards are a sort of cattle that go too slow for Saampson, and no match at all for the Mad Ox.'"

At this conjuncture, or soon after, Mrs. Dodd came in with her paper in her hand, a little flurried for once, and, after a hasty courtesy, said,

"Oh, Dr. Sampson, oh, my dears, what wickedness there is in the world! I'm going to Whitehall this moment; only look at what was pinned on my parasol at Drayton House."

The writing passed from hand to hand, and left the readers looking very gravely at one another. Julia was quite pale and horror-stricken. All were too deeply moved, and even shocked, to make any commonplace comment; for it looked and read like a cry from the writer's heart to their hearts.

> *"If you are a Christian, if you are human, pity a sane man here confined by fraud, and take this to the Board of Lunacy at Whitehall. Torn by treachery from her I love, my letters all intercepted, pens and paper kept from me, I write this with a toothpick and my blood on a rim of the Times. Oh Christ direct it to some one who has suffered, and can feel for another's agony."*

Dr. Sampson was the first to speak. "There," said he, under his breath: "didn't I tell you? This man is sane. There's sanity in every line."

"Well, but," said Edward, "do you mean to say that in the present day—"

"Mai—dearr—Sirr. Mankind niver changes. Whativer the muscles of man *can* do in the light, the mind and conscience of man will consent to do in the dark."

Julia said never a word.

Mrs. Dodd, too, was for action, not for talk. She bade them all a hasty adieu, and went on her good work.

Ere she got to the street door she heard a swift rustle behind her; and it was Julia flying down to her, all glowing and sparkling with her old impetuosity, that had seemed dead forever. "No, no," she cried, panting with generous emotion; "it is to me it was sent. I am torn from him I love, and by some treachery I dare say: and I have suffered, oh you shall never know what I have suffered. Give it *me*, oh pray, pray, pray give it *me*. *I'll* take it to Whitehall."

CHATTANOOGA.

ON page 724 we reproduce a picture drawn by our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis, representing LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, close to Chattanooga. On 18th Mr. Davis wrote:

"HEAD-QUARTERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL GRANGER,
CHATTANOOGA, *October* 18.

"For some time after the fight at Chicamauga Lookout Mountain was occupied as a signal-station by Captain Cole and Lieutenant Howgate, with a small party, who one day received notice to quit from General Forrest and his cavalry. They had then been for some time signaling over the heads of the rebels camped below.

"Since the rebels have taken possession they have built fortifications on the opening where the seminary is situated, half-way up the mountain, from which they 'semi-occasionally' shell our camps."

Since the above was written an important change has taken place, and Lookout Mountain has once more passed into our hands. A dispatch from Chattanooga, dated October 27, says: "A detachment under Colonel Stanley, of the Eleventh Ohio regiment, floated fifty pontoons down the river in face of the rebel sharp-shooters, landed at Brown's Ferry, and surprised and drove the rebels from the ridge on the south side, opening communication with Bridgeport. The rebels are flanked, and must evacuate Lookout Mountain."

A second dispatch says, "General Hazen, with two thousand of General Palmer's division, attacked the enemy on Lookout Mountain and drove him from his position."

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

ON page 725 we publish a view of BUCKLAND, Virginia, the scene of a recent cavalry skirmish, from a sketch by A. R. Waud. Mr. Waud writes:

"Buckland is on the Warrenton pike, where Broad Run crosses the road. It contains about two dozen houses, a woolen factory, and a dilapidated mill, seen in the picture; altogether not an unpicturesque place. The Run is very pretty, having all the characteristics of a mountain stream. Here, on Monday the 19th October, Kilpatrick's command met the rebels under Stuart. Davies's brigade had crossed the river, and proceeded along the pike to reconnoitre, when a heavy force was discovered moving upon our left flank. Before this General Custer's brigade had to give way, recrossing the river, and taking position on the hill to the east of it. The rebels divided, Fitzhugh Lee following Davies as he retreated up the Run to find a crossing, and Stuart engaging Custer with overwhelming forces, pressing him back upon Gainesville. General Davies succeeded in getting his men over the river at a most unpromising place; looking at it next day, it seemed almost impossible for guns to get across as they did. Considering the entire surprise of our troops, the rebels did not make much out of it, about 200, principally made prisoners, being our loss.

"Mr. Hunton's family, consisting of his wife, three daughters, and some servants, took refuge in the cellar. Pennington's battery took position both sides of the house, and the sharp-shooters behind its corners and the trees and fences, all which show scars from the rebel bullets. No one was hurt."

THE "DUNDERBERG."

WE devote pages 728 and 729 to a large illustration of the great steam ram *Dunderberg*, which William H. Webb is building for the Government. She will be, when launched and armed, the most powerful man-of-war afloat. She is 378 feet long, 68 feet wide, and 32 feet deep. The armor on the side is 6½ feet thick of timber and 4½ inches thick of iron; on the casemate it is 3 feet of wood and 3½ inches of iron. She will have two turrets, with two guns of heavy calibre in each. She will have six broadside and two pivot guns in the casemate. Her rig will be half-mast, with yards and sails. The forward part of the vessel, for 50 feet of solid timber and iron, constitutes the ram. The engines are 6000 horse-power, which will propel her probably 16 miles an hour. It is not likely that the *Dunderberg* will be ready for service for a year, the magnitude of her proportions requiring immense time and labor.

In contrast with the *Dunderberg* we reproduce, from a French paper, portraits of the leading vessels of the Imperial iron-clad fleet. The vessels are two-deckers, armed on the old style, and differing from the other vessels of the navy simply in being clad with iron and armed with a ram. The iron mail is about 4½ inches thick. This squadron set sail from Cherbourg on 27th September for an experimental cruise. While at sea, some distance from Brest, it encountered a sharp blow, which seems to have astonished the captains. The vessels shipped so much water that the officers' quarters were destroyed, and most of the boats washed overboard. On the morning after the storm the squadron was dispersed, only one vessel remaining in sight of the flag-ship. It is evident that these vessels could not be trusted to cross the ocean.

THE LATE GENERAL LYTLE.

WE publish on page 732 a portrait of the late GENERAL WILLIAM H. LYTLE, who fell, gallantly leading on his men, at the fatal battle of Chicamauga, on 20th September last.

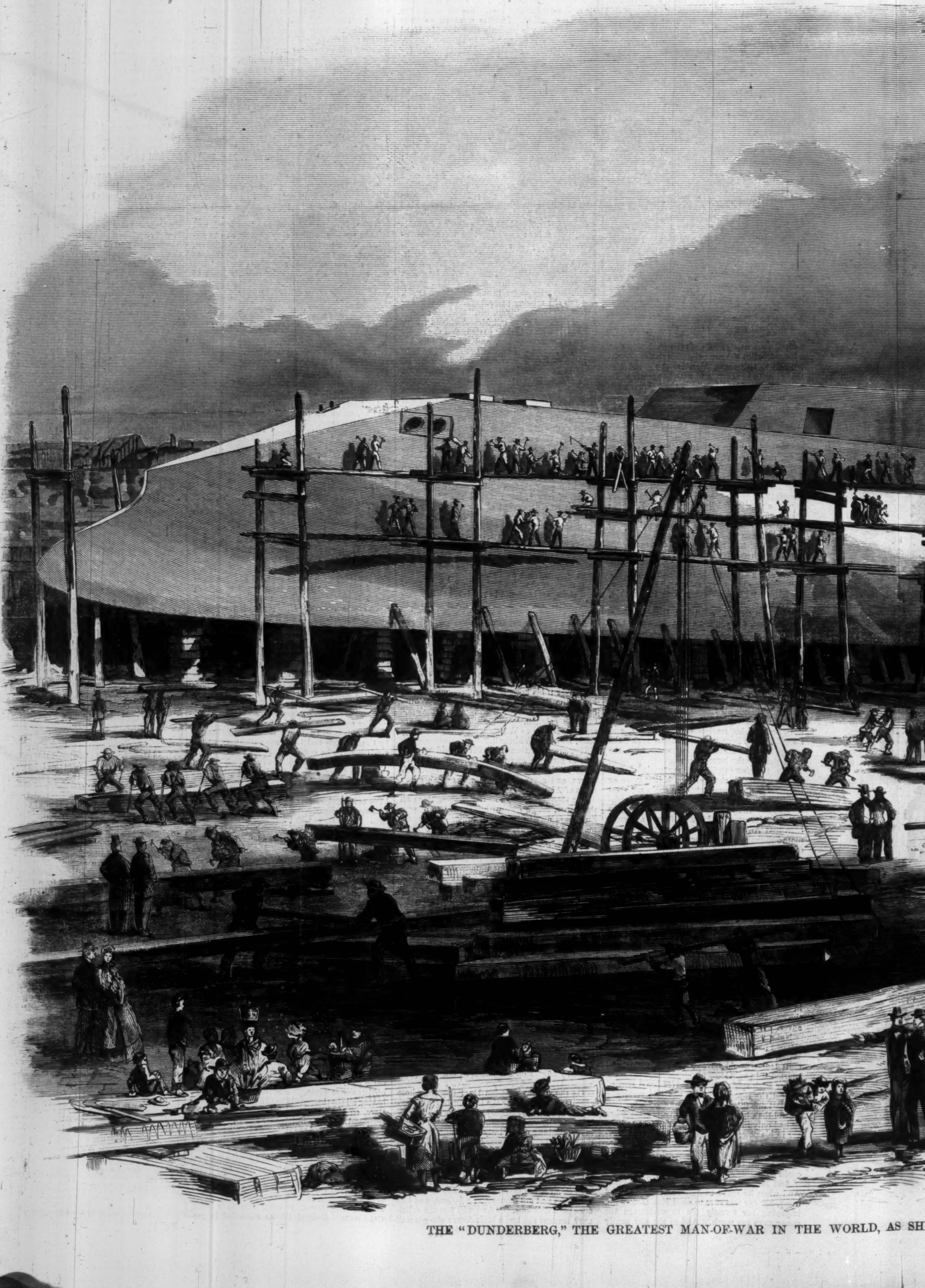
William H. Lytle was the son of a gallant soldier and distinguished orator, Robert Lytle, and was born at Cincinnati in the year 1827. He entered the army young, and served in the Mexican war as captain. At the close of the war he studied law, and served several terms in the Ohio State Legislature. At the outbreak of the war he commanded the Ohio militia at Camp Harrison, and subsequently accepted the Colonelcy of the Tenth Ohio Volunteers. At Carnifex Ferry he commanded a brigade, and largely contributed to drive Floyd and Wise out of that part of Virginia. It was there he received his first wound. For two hours his troops stood firm under the enemy's fire, when he gave the command to "charge." When they had crossed just half the distance to the rebel works their gallant leader fell. The impetus was gone. His men, with the instinct of duty, stood to their work for some time, neither advancing nor retreating, but at last fell back to the woods. The enemy, finding themselves unable to hold this position, recrossed Carnifex, and abandoned this strong-hold. When scarcely recovered from this injury Lytle returned to the field, first, to take command of the Bardstown Camp of Instruction, and then of the Seventeenth Brigade, under General O. M. Mitchel. In September, just one year after the battle of Carnifex, Lytle was again wounded, at Perryville, fell into the hands of the enemy, and, after a week's captivity, was exchanged. It was here that the gallant conduct of the young hero wrung applause from the bitter foe, and won the love and admiration of his own people. In the spring of 1863 his appointment as Brigadier-General of Volunteers passed the Senate, and from that time up to his death he served with General Rosecrans. Thus in each successive autumn of the war Lytle was wounded, until on that calm Sabbath afternoon the brilliant career of the young General closed on the bloody field of Chicamauga.

We have spoken of Lytle the soldier; in conclusion we may say a few words of Lytle the poet. He was always opposed to giving publicity to his writings, and consequently but few of his productions have found their way into the public journals. We give here one of his late poems, in which "he, being dead, yet speaketh," and speaks to the gay votary of pleasure, saying, "Arise, go forth, and do likewise:"

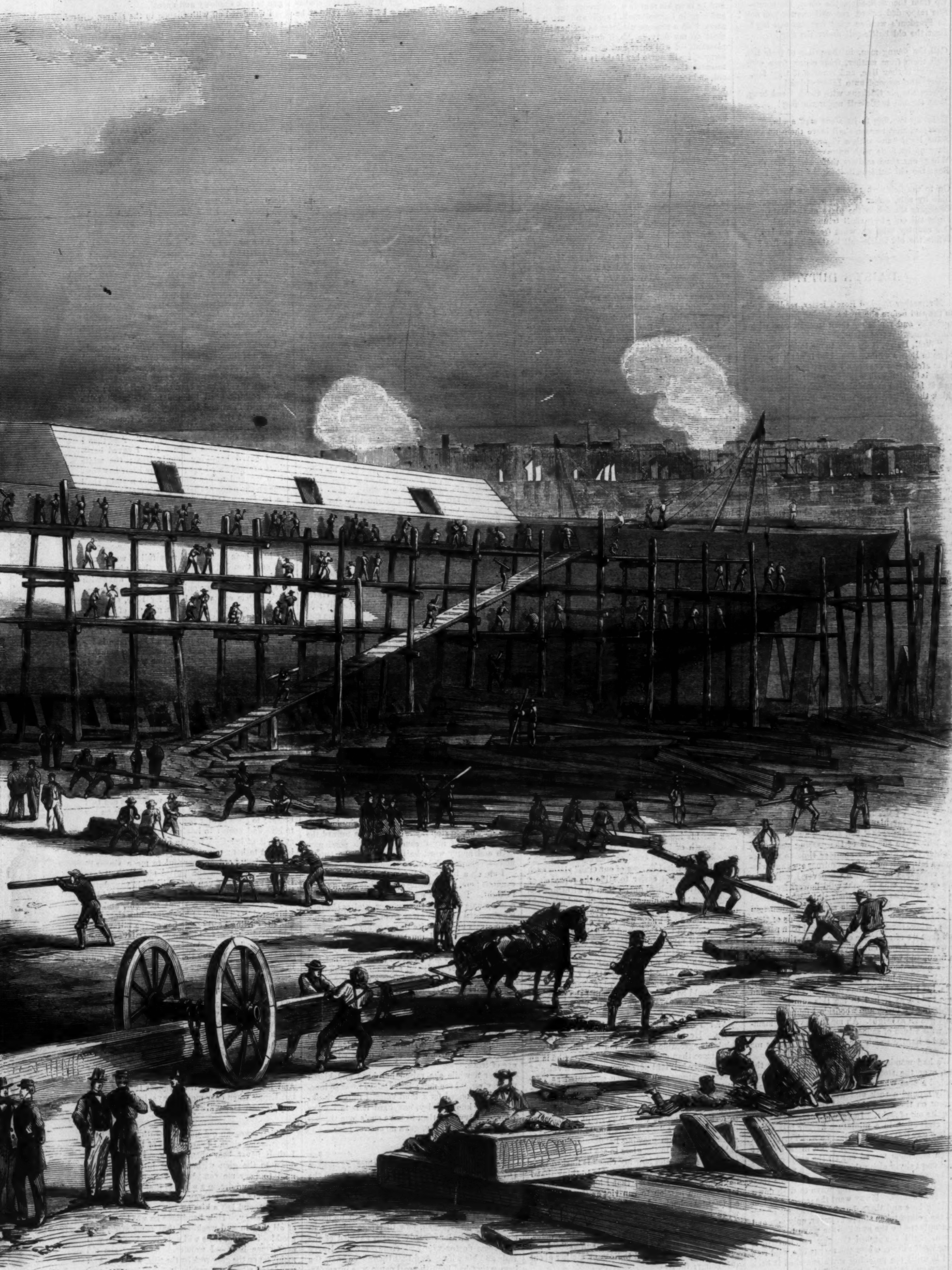
'Tis not the time for dalliance soft
  In gentle ladies' bowers,
When Treason flaunts her flag aloft,
  And dares to tread on ours.
Again the swords our fathers wore
  Must in their scabbards rattle,
And we will sing the songs of yore,
  When marching forth to battle.

From every vine-clad mountain-side,
  From every dimpled valley,
Our bugles, ringing far and wide,
  Invite the brave to rally.
And far to East, and far to West,
  Our iron line advances,
While Freedom's flag, by freemen blessed,
  In glory o'er us dances.

But when the birds of morning sing,
  And all the wars are over,
Our laurels at your feet we'll fling,
  And then we'll play the lover.
We all will say 'tis time to wed,
  As gayly drums shall rattle,
Before our conquering column's head,
  When marching home from battle.



THE "DUNDERBERG," THE GREATEST MAN-OF-WAR IN THE WORLD, AS SH



AS SHE NOW APPEARS IN WILLIAM H. WEBB'S SHIP-YARD.—[See Page 727.]

THE NEW BATTLE-CALL.

UNDER our flag beat the long roll once more!
Call up the North as you called her before.
Up from the work-shop, the office, the plow—
She responded before, she will answer you now!
In Freedom's warfare what freeman can lag?
Beat the old battle-call under the flag!

Call the young men, in the prime of their life,
Call them from mother, from sister, from wife;
Blessed if they live, and revered if they fall,
They who respond unto Liberty's call.
Where the air thickens with Copperhead brag,
Beat the old battle-call under the flag!

Hoist up the flag to its stout staff again,
Swearing that treason shall leave there no stain;
Some loyal hand with a vigorous grasp
Bear up its folds with unwavering clasp;
Where our tired soldiers their weary feet drag,
Beat the old battle-call—beat for the flag!

On to the fields where our brothers have gone—
Side by side, under the flag we'll press on.
Charging the foe in the place of the slain,
Fight till old glory shall triumph again!
Our country calls us, what freeman can lag,
While the old battle-call beats for the flag?

DAISY'S DUTY.

I.

MY mother finished Rose's letter, reading quite to the end before she spoke, wiping her spectacles carefully and replacing them in their case with a hand somewhat tremulous.

"Well, Daisy, it appears to me to be your duty to go to Rose a while. The child is not happy, and I am afraid matters are all wrong somehow. The paper is blotted with tears, the writing is unsteady, and it is dated at midnight. All this makes me think that Harry is not what he should be, and she is so young and rash that she must have some one to teach her how to be wise and patient, and how to bear the lot I fear is hers. Re[illegible], Daisy, and tell me if it is not so."

Poor little golden-haired child-wife—dear little sister Rose—our Rose, unhappy? Ah, how can it be? Mother must be mistaken.

So I read it carefully too—light sketchy paragraphs of things and people she had seen, and places she had been, yet all ending with the incidental remark, "I was so tired that I could not enjoy it."

"Tired, Rose tired? who used to race over the hills and fields like a deer and laugh at fatigue."

Then an allusion to a concert where she was not present, "because Harry had an engagement with some gentleman"—a rhapsody about her baby, and how it loved her so well and truly, and how much company its prattle would be when she was all alone—ah, yes, I fear me that mother is right, and Rose is lonely and unhappy! I seem to see her dark-blue eyes looking imploringly into mine while I read her pleading words, "Come to me, Daisy; I long to lay my head on your shoulder and rest."

"Rest?" Is the child aweary? Has the stout arm failed her—has the fruit of Eden turned to ashes on her lips, leaving only bitter memory there? I must go and see.

So mother and I sat with clasped hands until the sun had set. I listening to her wise counsels as to my course in the unenviable position I was about to take, when I must bear in mind the words "Blessed are the peace-makers." But I could not speak to tell her why I was so glad to go to the great town of Carmelbrook where Rose lived—could not even in the coming twilight tell her how somebody else but lately grown so dear was there as well as Rose, for it was all so strange and new yet that Dr. Arnot cared a little bit for me—for me, no longer young; not pretty, not bright, or wise, only a quiet, pale, gray-eyed woman of twenty-eight, one year his senior. I could not tell her this summer time, that had slipped away and hidden behind the shadow of the passing year, was brighter than any other summer time to me, because a tall, dark man with wondrous eyes and winning voice was by my side whenever I walked or rode or sewed, who brought wild flowers for me to paint as truly as I might their tints, who listened while I sang homely simple songs, and then told me of the dark forests and darker legends of Germany, where three years of his life had been passed. And then we often spoke of the olden time before he was Dr. Arnot, only Tyrrell Arnot, Rose's little beau, and we were all merry children together. I was not jealous when he sighed as we spoke of fairy Rose, and how he loved her in those pleasant days, for I thought the one love of his lifetime had come to him as it had to me this summer, when wandering by brook and woodside I found life suddenly grown so bright. Ah me! and yet I remember, with a turn of sadness, an incident so trifling as to be hardly worth recording, that haunts me yet.

We had wandered off, Tyrrell and I, down the glen, over the stones and by the falls, until we reached a spot where the little stream turned abruptly around a rock and whirled down a slight descent on the other side, and then went singing off quite out of sight. In very idleness we set two tiny craft afloat in a miniature harbor just above us, two gay leaves (the scarlet one was Tyrrell and the golden I), that rocked a while in their quiet haven and anon moved out on the swift current. Gold crept shyly along the quiet shore while scarlet hovered near. Then on the same ripple they were borne over the curving wave to dash down with the bubbles. Away went the scarlet emblem dancing here and there, but in the shadow of the fall the yellow token stopped forever, only now and then upborne by the swell of the wave beyond its haven. Still I watched the gay red leaf till it flung itself ashore, where the thorns of a wild rose held it until the pursuing wave snatched it back all torn and tattered, a worthless thing.

I could not but sigh as this childish trial was going on, but Tyrrell's gay laugh, as he said, "A false, unfaithful emblem," banished the thoughts that came unbidden. I threw no more autumn leaves on the shining water.

And now that Tyrrell's summer holiday is over and he is on his rounds again among the sick and suffering in Carmelbrook, I smile and turn my face away with a strange gladness as mother says, "I must do my duty." Ah, if duty were always so pleasant. I will cheer and comfort Rose if she is sorry. I will nurse her if she is sick. I will try to catch the threads of love that may be fraying out, and teach the child how patient devotion may win a recreant back; yet through all this there will run the bar of sunshine, that I shall see him, that I shall grasp his hand and hear his pleasant voice as he greets "Little Daisy" once more.

"Little Daisy!" How pleasant it will sound, and how good he is to pick up a faded daisy to wear on his heart, instead of the blushing blooms of spring-time.

II.

CARMELBROOK, *November* 10.

I OPENED my eyes one fine morning a week ago in this pleasant town, an inmate of Harry Dale's fine house, a guest of sister Rose. I find her looking very thin and at times haggard, but the least flush sends the blood to her beautiful cheek and she is blooming as the rose should be.

It was evening when I arrived, and Harry met me at the train, very cordial, as is his wont to guests or strangers. To my inquiry for his wife he answered, "Oh, Rose is well enough—a little nervous now and then. You must try and cure her of that;" and then he spoke of the gayeties the season promised with the anticipation of a boy.

I asked, "Does Rose like so much going out?"

"Ah, well, not very much; she don't like the same set of people that I do. I hope she will learn to adapt herself to my tastes by-and-by; but she is a little country girl you know, and calls people "fast" whom I consider very nice people to know. We have some capital fellows in our club, but she don't fancy them." And thus he rattled off, while I grew very quiet, and wondered if I should like the "capital fellows of our club" any better than Rose did.

How bright and happy the dear child looked as she opened the door for us, and how warm her caress as she laid her golden head on my shoulder and clasped me close, saying meanwhile, "What a darling Daisy it was to come!" Then followed questions and answers about mother and home, and the horses and cows, the flowers and trees at Greenbrier Farm. Tea was announced, and the little housewife did the honors of her table right gracefully, after which we prepared for a visitation to the nursery to see baby Claude in his crib asleep.

Harry called after us, "I am going out a while with Tom Owen. Don't sit up for me, Rose."

Rose said, "Very well," in a disappointed little weak voice; but instantly rallied, and stepped lightly up before me to see her boy—as bright and lovely a creature as ever nestled in a mother's arms. We sat by the nursery fire and chatted until it was time to sleep. As I bade Rose good-night, and she turned away to go, I saw for the first time that weary, weary look of sadness that became too familiar after a while, and involuntarily I breathed aloud a petition, added to my silent prayer, "God help her!"

I could not sleep, and it was not until after the old church-clock had tolled out "two" that I heard a clumsy step following the click of the opening door-latch, and I knew that Harry had come home.

The next morning Rose was very pale and quiet, and apologized for Harry's non-appearance at breakfast, saying that he had a bad headache. Whether she knew that I must guess the truth or not I know not; but the brave, true-hearted little woman never spoke one word to tell the tale, but with true woman's tact excused the negligence and want of kindness, that, alas! I saw too well at once. Night after night a different plea, or none, accounts for his absence, until at last I cease to look for his interest in aught that concerned his own hearth or household. With all this, Harry Dale is not at heart cruel or wicked—only weak; and when "capital fellows of our club" claim such a man, he finds it easier to stifle the reproach of conscience for slighted duties than to withstand the temptation to wine and cards, to song and midnight mirth, and pleasant praise from applauding lips.

And Rose? I know not what she feels. She clings close to my side; and sometimes, as I hold her head on my shoulder, she cries silently, and I kiss her forehead, and wipe away her tears; and though we speak no word, she knows right well how sorry I feel for her bitter trial. It is better thus: a wife may speak no word to shame the man who should be what he is not, until the pain and grief of sin and broken vow shall free her or lay her in the grave.

And Tyrrell—Dr. Arnot? I have seen him twice. He comes here often, Rose says; and I think his agreeable chat and musical talents divert Rose more than any thing else can do. She is an exceedingly brilliant performer, and has a voice of great sweetness; and I listen enchanted as Tyrrell's voice and hers are braided in melody. We listen for his coming eagerly, and, when here, how swiftly the evenings speed away! and yet I seem to feel as though it were "Tyrrell" no longer—only "Dr. Arnot." He calls me "Little Daisy," and tells me I am growing handsome, every day bidding me look in the glass to see how bright my eye is glancing, and how my cheek is flushed with bloom. Dear Tyrrell!—I tremble to think that I have loved him so well; that I have allowed this late autumn passion to run riot as though I were a romantic school-girl. Already I feel a dull pain when he forgets to take my hand at parting, or when I find that my poor songs are better left unsung, while Rose shall trill her bird-like notes. 'Tis an old story—"Who loves, suffers." I am glad I have said no word to Rose or mother about this thing; for if—

November 30.

I have had such a horrid dream, and, waking, it haunts me yet.

I thought that I saw a traveler on a tortuous path, where cliff, and crag, and dark ravine were clothed in flowers. Flaunting leaves and shining blossoms crept over ledges whence slimy snakes looked forth and hissed as he passed, and yet he only smiled and wandered gayly on, catching at the gay sprays that straightway withered in his grasp; slipping sometimes, but always going down, down, to a dark chasm, dim, and peopled with nameless horror. Faces, heavy with debauch and stained with sin, looked forth, and hands dripping with red wine held up bright goblets to his lips. But as he stooped to quaff it a creature—woman, and yet angel, with white trailing wings—struck it from his grasp. Twice she failed; but again, with loving persistence, she touched him with one little hand, and with the other spilled the poison-draught.

Maddened, he struck her backward until she reeled and fell; and then I saw the face of Rose, all torn and bleeding, as on the chasm's brink the traveler turned. 'Twas Harry Dale who clutched the air as, faltering, he fell. But who was it that stooped over the bruised Rose—that gathered her up and bore her drooping weight—and why did the angel wings grow dim in his arms? Dim not long; they brightened, they bore her up, they wafted her heavenward among the pure.

Dreams—ay, idle dreams; but why could I not see the third one's face? The brown locks and flowing beard methinks I know.

December 12.

I am thinking about home to-night. I feel aweary. I long to see mother, who loves me so truly, I know. I fancy how she sits by the fire-light now, with trusty little Jip beside her—Jip loves me too, or did. I wonder if he will forget me. I am lonely here. I hear them singing still—Rose and Tyr—I mean Dr. Arnot. Claude has been very ill with fever, but is out of danger now. It is not strange that Rose should be so grateful to Dr. Arnot, who, under God, has saved her boy. Nay, it was not strange that, when the crisis had passed through which Tyrrell had watched him, while Harry, with rough words about a woman's nervousness, had joined the gay party at the club, Rose, with broken sobs and heart full of passionate thanks, should stoop and kiss the hand that had given him to her arms.

But why should he turn pale, and drop his eyes, and walk away, as though he were unmanned? God help me now to do my duty. Rose is so young and fair, alone and slighted by the heart that should be her home. She turns to the voice of kindness like a flower to the sun.

Still the tremulous chord of music thrills through the house, and still my weary heart goes back to thee, dear mother. I must go home; and yet I may not leave the child, but, faithful to my trust, I must try to keep her right. I can speak no word of warning that may give birth to that which now I only guess or dread. I dare not tell Harry to guard the heart that he has held so loosely; for he is so fiery and impatient none can tell the consequence; and to Tyrrell I may not, must not breathe a word. If my heart breaks, no matter; but I must guard the child from herself and the recoil of a love unprized. Still I will not be suspicious or prying. I'll go down to-night, and laugh, and chat, and say good-night with a pleasant smile, and never sigh when I miss the parting words that come for poor Daisy no more—if I can. The scarlet leaf is floating on, and the golden waif is close inshore.

III.

GREENBRIER FARM, *June* 6.

HARRY has gone to the war. There has been sad work—a long debauch, a bitter quarrel when Rose's outraged spirit rose against a blow—ay, a blow on her white shoulder, and she has come home to us. God knows I tried to do my part to win Harry back. I plead with him by all that I thought might move him to pause in his mad career—by his mother's grave, by his baby boy and injured wife, to stop the headlong race toward the dark chasm of my dream; but with passionate oath and angry word he has gone to the battle-field—perhaps to death.

I am on a battle-field, too, though there are no cannons here, no sounding drums, nor waving flags in sight. Rose tells me to-day that Dr. Arnot is coming here to spend the summer, and as she tells me she turns her face away from mine, and a pink flush steals up her white throat to her hair.

I must speak. I must warn the child. She can not, she must not creep toward the dizzy verge from which there is no retreat; she must not soil the wings of her soul, and mine must be the hand to fling her back. She does not see the precipice, poor child! but it is none the less there.

June 10.

With both arms twined around her, with her face hid on my breast at twilight, I whispered the word of warning to little Rose. She spoke no word at first, but the single exclamation, "Oh, Daisy!" told me how the arrow quivered in the eye of truth.

After a while she raised her head and kissed me, saying, "I see now; but, Daisy, I was so lonely, and so longed for a kind voice, I didn't think. You don't know, Daisy, how hard it is to love as I loved Harry, and then to have one's love thrown back." And I, Daisy, gave no answer back.

IV.

August 8.

IT was a year ago yesterday since Tyr—since Dr. Arnot and I set bright leaves voyaging on the stream that wanders through the glen, and I was weak enough to go there yesterday. Two months ago I wrote to Dr. Arnot as a sister might for a younger sister's sake, telling him, with no harsh word or vain reproach, how ill report might construe his visit, for already gossip gabbled of the handsome doctor who had come between Harry Dale and his wife. And that though we knew the demon that had been the real cause was intemperance, yet a woman's name must not be coupled thus with his. It was a hard thing for me to do; but neither father nor brother were left to us, and I would not throw this shadow on the few years mother yet might live. And so he came no more, nor sent a line or message, and the weary past began to look shadowy and unreal.

I wandered off with Claude in the solemn stillness of the summer afternoon. Rose had gone I knew not whither. The post that day had brought her the first letter that had come from Harry. She showed it to no one, but quietly laid it on the great wood-fire in the kitchen, and with only a gipsy flat over her sunny head had rambled off. I suppose it was bitter and unforgiving. Had it been kind I, who knew how she had watched and waited for it, would have seen the pleasant knowledge in her face.

The birds were singing as merrily as they did a year ago; the little stream leaped just as gladly; but ah! they bore no charm. Claude chattered as we walked, and clasped my hand lovingly, and the childish touch somehow gave me comfort and strength. After a while we stopped to gather flowers, and Claude flew about like a butterfly. I moved on a step farther to catch a glimpse of the spot where I had dreamed so sweet a dream beside the great rock where the water whirled around so swiftly.

There was a flutter of a ribbon—a glimpse of a white dress. I held my breath, and twining my arm around a bending sapling I saw them—yes, *them.* On an old moss-covered tree trunk, her hat, with its blue ribbons, thrown backward, sat Rose. Her face was turned away and covered with one hand, while the other was held tight within Tyrrell Arnot's own, and Tyrrell Arnot's voice was hoarsely saying, "Forgive me—pity me, Rose, dear Rose."

I was not so strong as I had thought, for a mist not born of the waterfall came over my eyes, and, with the oppression of the nightmare, I tried to speak and could not. My grasp loosened—I fell; and then it must have been that I cried out; for I knew nothing until I found myself in Tyrrell's arms, still faint and bleeding. Not so faint but that I could rise and writhe myself from out his clasp, and say, "Tyrrell Arnot, it were better the scarlet leaf should drift farther on." And then I relapsed into dreams again. But I saved her—yes, I saved her—my bonnie Rose; the white wings are untainted yet; the pure heart has vowed to me and to her God that not a stain shall come on the name of Claude Dale's mother, though she be Harry Dale's forsaken wife. O God! I thank thee. And now I must sleep and rest; and by-and-by, when Tyrrell Arnot is leagues away from her, I'll pray that God may send him peace.

October 20.

I have been sick—a sickness full of weary visions and troubled dreams, of restless nights and waiting days; a sickness out of which I wake with care and pain, for I see only one sad face—dear mother's. Pale and worn I ask for Rose, and they tell me she is ill. I catch a glimpse of Claude, and find black ribbons in his sleeves; and to my persistent inquiry they tell me how Harry Dale came back to die with fever, and how Rose is lying ill in the room over yonder. Two months! How strange it seems that Time would not wait for me at all! I shall get up soon and see Rose.

November 1.

They told me last night that I might see her, and so in many wrappings I journeyed to her room.

O God, spare me this! If it be thy will take me, a worthless wayside daisy flung down in the dust; but raise her up, the fair bright Rose that used to be so blooming. I clasp my poor weak hands in prayer. I try to say "Thy will be done!" but the cry dies on my lips, the petition falters on my tongue. Sweet as an angel, she looked with an unearthly loveliness as, holding my hand in her own, she spoke those peaceful words—as she told me how the wanderer had come home to die on her breast; to bless her for her efforts to win him back to love and home; to implore pardon, even as she asked it of her God, for the bitter sorrow he had brought to her; to pray the prayer He will never disregard—"Lord be merciful to me a sinner!" "And Daisy," and she pulled me closer, "dear Daisy, I am so glad you were faithful to your duty! Your good counsels saved me when I trembled."

There was a hush, a silent moment, and she whispered, "Claude." She clasped him close, and laid his curling head beside her on the pillow, and said, feebly, "I give him to you, Daisy—to you and mother." Then, clasping her white hands together, she tried to sing the old hymn we had sung in Sunday-school so long ago:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;"

and even as the last sweet, faint, unsteady notes died out the Rose was transplanted to His breast, to bloom forever there.

And now in Greenbrier cottage only mother and I are alone again. Nay, not alone, for a golden-haired boy is like a sunbeam in the quaint and quiet house, and the music of childish laughter wakes the echoes that have been asleep so long. And I—am patient; a little sadder than of yore, but happy when dear mother says, in her pleasant way, "Dear Daisy always does her duty."

January 7.

Thirty-two—an old maid in truth. How long ago it seems since I heard words of love, and now I shall never hear them again. I can go now down to the glen without that bitter pain that used to bear me company. It can do no harm now to sit and dream a while of that pleasant time when some one far away clasped Little Daisy to his heart, and left a kiss on her pale cheek before he went away. How handsome he was! and spite of all the sin and weakness that came after, how good! I wonder if he will ever marry—if he will ever come back—I wonder. And so "the old maid" sat on the gray rock by the river all alone, and wondered where the scarlet leaf had gone ashore. She did not look up when footsteps came nearer; she only sat with her two hands laid lightly together across her knee, and watched the foaming water. By-and-by on the current there floated by two autumn leaves of gold and scarlet pinned together with a thorn. Ah, how she flushed and started then, and how evermore there sounded above the din of falling water a few low words, "Daisy, mayn't they float together now?"

Beside her, with outstretched arms and longing eyes, stood Dr. Tyrrell; but she, too proud to give a word or sign, although the heart within her breast gave a great leap, and shot the hot blood through her face, spoke not, so he pleaded still:

"Oh, Daisy, I have been mad, and blind, and wicked, I know, but I have asked forgiveness of the Master, and surely you will not be more unkind than He has been! I am a way-worn, weary man. I have never known true rest since we sat here together. Oh, take me, Daisy, to your pure heart once more; and though the thorn has pierced your breast and mine, still let it bind us to each other for all time to come. Won't you, Little Daisy?"

It was the pleading tones of the only man I ever loved; it was the eyes whose light had stirred my spirit to its depths; it was an arm, beloved still, that waited to enfold me; and slowly unclasping my locked hands, I laid them both in his, and looked once more in the dear face grown so sad and wan.

And now I shall be Tyrrell's happy wife, and Claude and mother will be with us always. Every summer, when we go to Greenbrier churchyard, we will see to it that the wild rose thrives and blooms above two silent graves; and a peaceful life lies stretching out—how far I know not—for the Doctor's wife. And when that life is ended, may she hear the echo of her mother's words—"Little Daisy has done her duty!"

OUR COUNTRY.

It is all ours:—
Ours from the placid western sea
To the emerald eastern slopes;
Ours by our fathers' history,
Ours by our children's hopes.

It is all ours:—
Ours from the north lakes' crystal waves
To the silver southern foam;
Ours by the changeless right of graves,
Ours by the lives to come.

It is all ours:—
Ours by the homes that deck the land,
Ours by the pathways trod;
Ours by the ages' stern demand,
Ours by the gift of God.

It is all ours:—
Ours by the patriot's holy love,
Ours by his deathly throe;
Ours by the starry flag above,
Ours by the blood below.

It is all ours:—
Ours by the freeman's title-deed
To the land of liberty;
Ours for the freeman's sacred creed,
Ours for humanity.

NEST.

SHE had turned the dress inside out and upside down; she had sponged the breadths, and pressed and relined them, and gored the skirt by way of amendment to its scantiness; and, having fairly gotten on the bottom braid, discovered a spot, a large, conspicuous, ineffaceable, unmistakable spot. Victoria, as usual, rose superior to the emergency, and proposed "*plastrons*" (horrible word! suggestive of plasters), one to be applied to the spot; and Nest, being a domestic coward, and exactly fitted by nature to bear her elder sister's yoke, began, with secret disgust, to rip her last year's mantle, out of which the *plastrons* were to come forth, phenix-like, in the same spirit that she would have set about a rosette of ostrich feathers, had Victoria ordered them to be applied.

Fingers and scissors only being required for ripping, thoughts were free to go where they liked—back a year, to a day as fair as this was scowling, hard on to the last of September, with all the blue of summer in its sky, but a deeper peace, and for flowers, an occasional scarlet flare or yellow bough showing on the green hill-crests, and for the languid plash of the low brook, the cool, swift rush of the clear water making strongly over the stony bottom of the creek, and only an occasional bird-twitter, or glancing wing of some brown or yellow butterfly, for the whirr, and drone, and buzz, and humming of the thousand living, happy things of a summer day; and through all, and a part of its peace, a something unspeakably solemn and tender, that made you sure of the autumn presence.

Dale Hawthorne and Nest had taken the road to the water. Nothing could be lonelier or sweeter, unless it were Nest herself: a little girl, hardly coming well up to Dale's shoulder, white, not pale, with the whiteness of a cala lily, thick brown hair, that rippled where she would let it loose from comb and braids, very lovely brown eyes, and a faculty of being beautiful—a glow of her whole face that was neither color nor sparkle, but something rarer and deeper—a certain subtle charm of femininity in all she touched and all she wore, from her soft flowing dress to her little slippers, and a dependence of manner unconsciously flattering to masculine strength. Dale Hawthorne was wise in his generation, and all that summer had tried to win this shy thing by a tender, thoughtful tact, and a perception quick for all her needs and likings, rather than by blunt admiration. It was easier and surer to make himself indispensable than to track this nature, wild as a forest bird, through its thousand caprices and feints and resistances; but for him, as for all others, came the time when self-control should be off guard, and catching her suddenly he told her, almost in spite of himself, that he loved her.

She drew away from his grasp like a pettish child.

"Don't talk like that, Mr. Hawthorne. We came to hunt leaves, and there is a lovely one, only it hangs so high. Can you get it for me?"

Hawthorne looked earnestly into her face. It was flushed and pouting, nothing more; feeling, if there were any, was resolutely masked; not that she had neither heart nor soul, but he had hurried fortune, and so vexed that fickle dame. He had spoken while concealment was yet possible, and Nest had defended herself with the natural girlish instinct. So, blaming himself, he swung from the bank by a lower bough, reaching toward the branch she had shown him, and in his vexation taking little or no precaution, the treacherous wood broke, and he came heavily down on the sloping bank; not a formidable distance, but the ground was stony in the extreme, and rough with gnarled roots and tangled undergrowth.

Nest waited to see him rise, but he lay there quite still. Then she began to descend, doubtingly at first, faster by degrees, as terror at his strange immobility grew upon her. He was pale, certainly, though that might have been the effect of the greenish light that fell on him from above. His eyes were closed, and there was a blood-stain on his forehead. Nest looked at him doubtfully; she was very much afraid of him, and a little for him; and then it occurred to her that people always bathed the heads of other people who were insensible, and that even if he had said that he loved her it was hardly right to let him die. She dipped her handkerchief in the clear water and laid it on his forehead, and by that time she had discovered a cut near the temple, and her nameless fright had grown into one certain and defined, and first she laid a hand timidly on his, and feeling that of itself should almost have raised him from the dead, she lifted the poor head to her lap, and, bending over it, pressed her soft cheek against his and began to cry.

A pair of mischievous eyes opened wide and looked up into the distressful face.

"If I could but die, Nest, you might almost love me."

Nest sat for a moment in utter dismay, that sought in vain for adequate expression, and so was speechless; and then she grew red with shame, and then white with anger; and, dropping Dale's head with very little ceremony, she sprang to her feet and ran up the bank. Three swift strides brought him up with her, and in time to save her from falling over a long gnarled root in her blind haste. But at that instant his very care was an affront; she shook off his hand, and turned on him like fire.

"Let me go! Dale Hawthorne, for shame! I will never forgive you—never!" and breathless and crying she hurried on, deaf as an adder to excuse, remonstrance, or persuasion.

Dale fell back in a moment, and suffered her to go on by herself—the wisest thing that he could have done! He was vexed with himself not a little, and somewhat at her; but after a day or two he grew uneasy. He loved Nest well, and he had faith in the strength of his will and liking. Reading, too, the girl heart better than its possessor, he believed in a certain shy preference on her part, and had she shown him ostentatious indifference or open anger he would have known how to deal with her; but she simply shut him out from herself with a cold, persistent determination, that forced him to recall certain dismal instances in his knowledge of true love all its life halting at some dividing ditch of folly, and never able to take it. So in his necessity he went to Bertha, their pleasant hostess, disguised the story a little, it is true, in the matter of names and dates; but her keen feminine instinct put all that on one side with disdain.

"My dear Dale you have blundered, and a blunder with a girl like Nest Grainger is a serious matter."

"I beg your pardon. I said nothing of Miss Grainger."

"Mr. Hawthorne, do you intend to honor me with your confidence, or do you not? If so, give me the whole of it; as a compliment understand, for there is no necessity. The blind people who have eyes, and the deaf people who have ears, are the people in love, not those about them."

Dale colored, but submitted. Wise again! The pretty tyrant was conciliated at once.

"Nest's shyness," pursued the oracle, "is simply another reading of an intolerable pride. She has also an uncommon trait—a conscience—and her pride was not enough in your way, but you must help it on by bringing her conscience to her aid. You placed her in the right."

"I know it," returned the penitent; "but five minutes before she had been hypocritical, as well as rude, and I longed for revenge. After all, it was only the working of my fine sense of justice. I never thought that she would take it to heart. I had read of something like that in some stupid story, and the girl came around."

"Of course," interposed Bertha, complacently; "heroines have leathern sensibilities, of a necessity, in allowance for the wear of two volumes; but Nest—"

"Now please *don't* tell me I was wrong again. I am fully conscious that I played both brute and fool with beautiful impartiality. The question is, not what was done, but how to undo it."

"Place *her* in the wrong."

"That is, relinquish the pursuit."

"Not at all. Nest loves you. I am sure of that; how I know is my secret; but her pride is her tyrant, and now that it is backed by a consciousness of right, is too strong for both her and you. You must divide the enemy; make her conscience your ally."

"But how?"

"I have shown you the road, and told you the weak point in the fortress. A soldier asks no more."

On that Dale smoked his cigar and matured his plan of action; first patience, second patience, third patience, actively carried out. Nest began to relent and doubt herself, and then in a fright, lest it should be suspected, went from coldness to positive insolence. Dale smiled at that (he saw now the excellence of being in the right), and went on with his quiet endurance and unyielding care and courtesy till Nest began to soften. Then Dale let her feel a subtle something in his calm kindness that would endure no further trifling; self-respect ready for reconciliation, but refusing further abasement; and in the light of this his changed manner it occurred to Nest that she was treating him very ill, and for small cause playing an unworthy and unlovely part: yet how to amend she knew not, and so tossed about between doubts and pride, behold her divided against herself. It was at this stage, that, coming back one evening from a cold, dreary walk, she found Dale waiting for her at the gate. He laid aside her cloak, wet with the drizzling rain that had just set in, and drew her into the library with a quiet resolution that she could by no means oppose, saying,

"I wish to speak with you, Nest."

She glanced up at him as she stood before the fire, holding up her little *brodequin* to its blaze, and hastily looked away again. He came closer and took her hand.

"I think that I was unfair the other morning," he commenced, somewhat tremblingly, "and I am sorry for it, Nest. But I have a right to something that you have persistently denied me. An answer. You have not told me whether or no you can love me. It is not very much to ask."

Nest was quiet, looking away from him and the fire, and steadily toward the books, till he could barely see the tip of one small ear and her burning cheek.

"The answer, Nest," he repeated.

Still she was silent. She found no words for him. If he could not divine, she would not help him. He leaned forward to look in her averted face, and saw that she was trembling violently, and scarcely able to support herself. With a sudden move he caught her, drew her close to him.

"If you will not speak, I shall take such answer as suits me best."

And this time she did not bid him let her go.

At all this she looked back now, across a year of absence and a civil war, with a sort of incredulity, as at some happy vision half-remembered. For months she had heard nothing from Dale, who had been among the first to join the Federal army at the outbreak of the war. All around her were bitter against the Union. They themselves had suffered heavily; and her elder sister, her only relative, was never done bemoaning their losses, and reminding her that they had a neighbor at the "Oaks," though Nest scarcely needed such reminder, when every evening Geoffrey Fenwick rode in at their gates. Her fingers delayed over their work, for the dress was to be worn at his house. She hated all this shallow pretense. She would have been glad to have staid at home with her sorrow, or to have bravely worn the old silk as it was. She took all Victoria's praises with indifference, and carried that evening a cold and cheerless face to the "Oaks."

The sky, that all day had lowered, now began to drizzle rain and sleet, and the wind, rising, stripped the trees by armfuls, and whirled the brown leaves fiercely along the sodden paths; but Oak Hall glowed with substantial comfort and splendor—a pleasant contrast to the gloom without. The great hall breathed a summer-like warmth, and tall columns and broad winding staircase showed dimly in the early twilight, through which came rustling Bessie Fenwick, in bright silks and soft lace, a pretty vision, to admire Nest's *plastrons*.

"You haven't seen them in the light," answered Nest, bluntly. "The velvet is not new, and the silk is that old purple one. It was Victoria's thought. I preferred it as it was."

On this hint that great creature took Bessie in hand with innumerable learned details; and while Miss Fenwick sat at the feet of this Gamaliel Nest slipped away to the drawing-room. It was unlighted, except by the gleam of the fire on the marble hearth; but here and there she caught the glance of a mirror, and the scent of hot-house met her like a friend. She went to the fire and sat down before it, her hands folded in her lap, and looking absently into the blaze. She had fallen into a despair of every thing. She had heard of Dale, if not from him. He could have written her if he had chosen—if he would, if he had cared; but he left her alone, desolate, to combat them all, and she was tired of contention. Geoffrey Fenwick's persistency gave her no respite, and given the fact of his liking, all about her considered his success as certain, and already looked upon her as his *fiancée*—a sulky one, to be chidden into the path of manifest duty. Then Victoria made of life such a sordid, pitiful thing; and these old walls, if they could not shut out unhappiness, might at least beat back such smaller torments. Could he but know it, Geoffrey Fenwick's chance had never been so fair as on that night when, coming in from his stormy ride he f[illegible] her sitting there by his h[illegible] [illegible] musing sprite.

"What a changeling you look!" he said, abruptly, after scanning her in silence. "I half expect to see you vanish before my eyes."

"I wish I could," returned Nest, wearily.

Geoffrey answered by a gesture indicative of the man, relentless and full of power.

"Do not hope it; your fate is here."

That stirred her.

"You talk destiny well," she said, with a little scornful movement; "but I am not a child. Your 'must' has for me the value that has any other word of four letters—no more."

Geoffrey came and sat down beside her.

"Nest, I do not *talk* destiny. I am *your* destiny. Credit it or not, as you choose. I have patience as strong as my will, and I can wait. I care nothing for your repulse. It no more hurts my pride than that a baby should push me from it with its little dimpled hands. I have found yet no opposing circumstance in my life that I could not break by force of my resolve, and I have no fear of failure now. I care more for you than for all the other objects of my life, and I am willing to bestow on you more time, more endurance; but believe me, child, it is only the days or years that are doubtful; the result is inevitable."

Nest looked down at a ring flashing on her hand—a diamond cross on a shield of black enamel. Geoffrey caught the glance.

"He will not save you. He has forgotten you. Why had *I* been in Sahara you should have heard from me. I would have come to snatch another kiss, if I had been certain of being shot as a spy the next moment."

A little before she had doubted Dale herself; but Geoffrey's taunt roused her to contradiction.

"He *is* true," she cried out, passionately. "My life on his honor! Geoffrey Fenwick, I am wearied of all this, to the very death. Give me six months of rest. Pledge me your honor that for that time I shall have respite from your unmanly persecution. In that time I shall hear from him—or—he is dead—then—if—"

She had not time to conclude when Geoffrey seized her hand and covered it with kisses. She pulled it from him quickly.

"Six months of rest," she said, emphatically. "I am his yet."

"As you will," returned Geoffrey, coldly; "six months will soon be past."

She shivered at that. Why had she given herself so little time? Why had she bound herself at all? She would have given ten years of her life to have undone her work. She wrote at once to Dale telling him what she had done, asking him to come and save her, "if he thought her worth it." She made no excuse for herself. If his love was not strong enough for that, she would stand condemned. That done, she set herself to wait—a thing so easy to write or talk about, so cruelly hard to do. She counted the days, at first confidently, then with a dull terror. She never once thought that he was dead; for, though she did not even say it to herself, she felt in her heart that his spirit must have burst even the bonds of death to find her out; and he would answer surely; he *must* write now, when—she could not face the rest of the sentence. She never even finished it to herself. Geoffrey kept faith with sullen honor. He counted the weeks, but till the time was past he never once spoke to Nest otherwise than as the merest chance acquaintance might have done; but when they were past he claimed her almost savagely. He would listen to no talk of delay, and Nest, cut off by her own folly from possibility of further opposition, sat down in a stony quiescence, while Bessie and Victoria planned the trousseau and the wedding-feast, and the days hastened madly and hopelessly on to her wedding-day.

They had spread out her wedding dress where it should first meet her opening eyes; heavy silk, and priceless lace, and filmy veil—a hateful spectre that she had brought to herself by her folly and weakness: there were diamonds flashing through half open cases, and wreath, and gloves, and handkerchief in their boxes; and old Judith come to waken her. It was no wretched dream as she had half hoped. Spiritless despair was gone, however. The crisis had wakened her to that miraculous quickness of thought and perception that seems the special property of such times, and she at once detected something unusual in the old woman's look, a strange solemn exultation. She raised herself among the pillows. "What is it?" she asked, eagerly.

"'Pears like we hab no weddin' to-day, Miss Nest. Massa Johnston and he men, dey all run away in de night, and de Linkum men comin' fast as eber dey can, and dey done killed all de men at de fort, and de white folks *dey* all scare, and run for dey libes. Never seen sech stractin' times sence I was borned! One run dis way, one dat, scream, pull, haul; 'clare to massy, ef it don't make de wool stan' on end! De carriage folks, dey all make fortune sure. Massa Whitehouse, he gib fifty dollar for de folornest old hack; never put eyes on sech no count hosses!"

Not one word of this last had Nest heard.

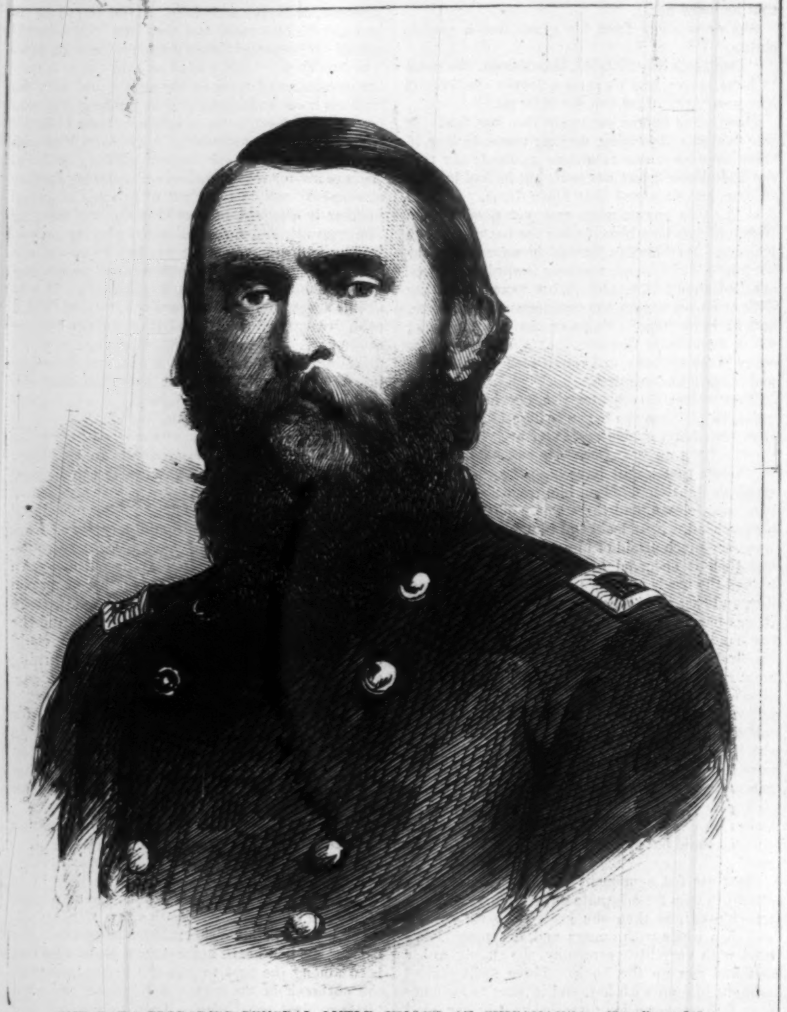
"The Union army coming," she repeated. "Oh, Judith! are you sure?"

"Laws yes, honey! Don't 'spec' I raise sech hullabaloo as dis yer for notin', do ye? Seen de folks scamper wid dese eyes; de stores dey all shet, and de streets dey am jest a show, wid de piles ob boxes, and passels, and trunks dat's in 'em. Tell ye, I hearn massa gubernor his ownself hollerin' like mad, tellin' every one to make tracks. All de folks am gwine 'cep' de niggas. 'Spec' dey'll stay. No use for dem to run."

Nest sprang up and began to dress herself, saying to herself all the while that Dale must be dead, and even if he were not, it was scarcely probable that he was in Grant's army, and granting that, he still cared nothing for her; but for all that she hoped, and she went down stairs with a smiling face, and took all Victoria's bewailings serenely, and actually caught herself fastening a bow in her hair of the color that Dale liked. Soldiers began to file through the city, and Nest's face went down below zero. They were Floyd's troops, the men who had cut their way through Grant's forces, and escaped from the beleaguered Fort Donelson. Nashville resounded with rejoicings, and the inhabitants brought out their stores and feasted these invincible heroes, whom they extolled as their future saviours, till on a sudden the men again took up their onward march. Beaten already, they had no mind to face the exulting foe.

Then whatever was left in Nashville betook itself to flight, if it could, and whatever was evil came forth. It was like Geoffrey Fenwick to come to them then, walking unarmed through the distracted streets.

"There is no danger," he said, coldly, to Victoria, "except from our own scoundrels, who are bent on thieving; and the Federal troops will soon



THE LATE BRIGADIER-GENERAL LYTLE, KILLED AT CHICAMAUGA.—[SEE PAGE 727.]

put an end to these disorders. The Rev. Mr. Davis has taken refuge with me, and this afternoon I shall bring him and Bessie over. The only misfortune is that we must defer our tour, as I must remain to protect my property."

He was speaking to Victoria, but at this last he looked toward Nest. She sat motionless. He hardly knew if she had heard. All past, all future time, eternity itself, were centred in these few hours between now and her marriage. Geoffrey had come, bringing the clergyman and Bessie. They were urging her to dress; they made her go up stairs, where she sat passive under their hands, turning and moving as they told her: a woman of marble might have been dressed as was Nest Grainger for her wedding.

Dale *had* written to Nest over and again. The letters had not reached her for the best of reasons. Geoffrey, who always brought them their mails, had recognized post-mark and handwriting, and quietly destroyed those of Dale's; put them out of the way just as he did his honor when it interfered with his will. Close on that, Dale was wounded and spent three months in the hospital, and several more at home, in recruiting his health. The first letter that he got on joining his regiment was that in which she told him of her promise to Geoffrey. He wrote at once, and Geoffrey burned that like the rest. Leave of absence was not to be hoped for; but Dale kept up courage, for they were ordered on to Tennessee. Fort Henry fell, and they planted themselves before Fort Donelson. The Confederate Generals were fully alive to the importance of the post and poured in reinforcements. The garrison worked manfully, and at night constructed batteries as if by magic. Dale was mad with impatience. These walls stood between him and Nest; and if the siege were prolonged till Johnston were reinforced affairs might wear an ugly aspect: ankle-deep in mud and water he worked foremost among our gallant men. The iron-clads stormed away at the fort, the rebel guns answered stoutly. End as it would, the contest was plainly to be no short or easy one. Then could he but have fancied himself a match for Johnston's army, I think Dale might have forgotten military duty and run away—so intolerable was his anxiety.

On the third night the beleaguered garrison made a sortie. They had hoped to surprise the hostile camp; but General Grant, making a reconnoisance in person, espied them even in the storm and darkness. Came then a short, sharp struggle; it was too cold to reload the rifles, and they fought with bayonet and bowie-knife, struggling soundlessly in the snow. The garrison were driven back, and Dale got a cut in the arm that did him good: gave him less time to think about Nest.

The siege dragged on two weary days, then Floyd and Pillow cut their way out and Buckner surrendered. Terms of capitulation—surrender—all took time. Dale's uneasiness rose to positive agony. He asked and obtained leave to precede the Federal advance on Nashville; but even there difficulties beset him. He knew nothing of Nest's whereabouts, and in the general confusion and terror found it almost impossible to obtain information. He rode from street to street like a madman—was misdirected; and when at last he stumbled on the old Grainger place it was deserted. Nest had gone to Oak Hall. Then more questioning, more fruitless searching, and a ride of several miles without the city before he reached the "Oaks."

Geoffrey Fenwick himself answered his eager, imperative knock, and had no need of the Federal uniform to divine who stood before him. He stepped back.

"You will find Nest there, Mr. Hawthorne," he said, with a strange smile.

Dale scanned him hastily. Nest had no brother; besides his instinct taught him that this was a foe. This, then, was the "Geoffrey" of whom she had written. He did what he had never done in battle, turned white, and stood trembling, unable to advance a step. Geoffrey stood silent, surveying him with a cold and cruel look. Then a low murmur in the drawing-room rose into a sudden, passionate exclamation, and with a swift rush and rustle, as though she had broken from some detaining grasp, Nest came to the doorway. Her eyes rested first on Geoffrey, and from him went to that other still figure facing him. She did not cry out, but grew so mortally pale that Geoffrey thought her fainting, and moved hastily toward her; but without looking at him she went straight to Dale.

"So you came," she said, low. "You were true, after all. Bless you for that! though it is too late."

"On the contrary," observed Geoffrey, "Mr. Hawthorne is just in time—to congratulate you."

"The misery that I have wrought," went on Nest, looking no more at her husband than if he had been the stone hound over the doorway, "will recoil chiefly on myself, as it should. You can, you must, forget the woman who would not prefer your memory, dead, or even false, to this man's devotion."

Dale put his hand to his head like one stunned.

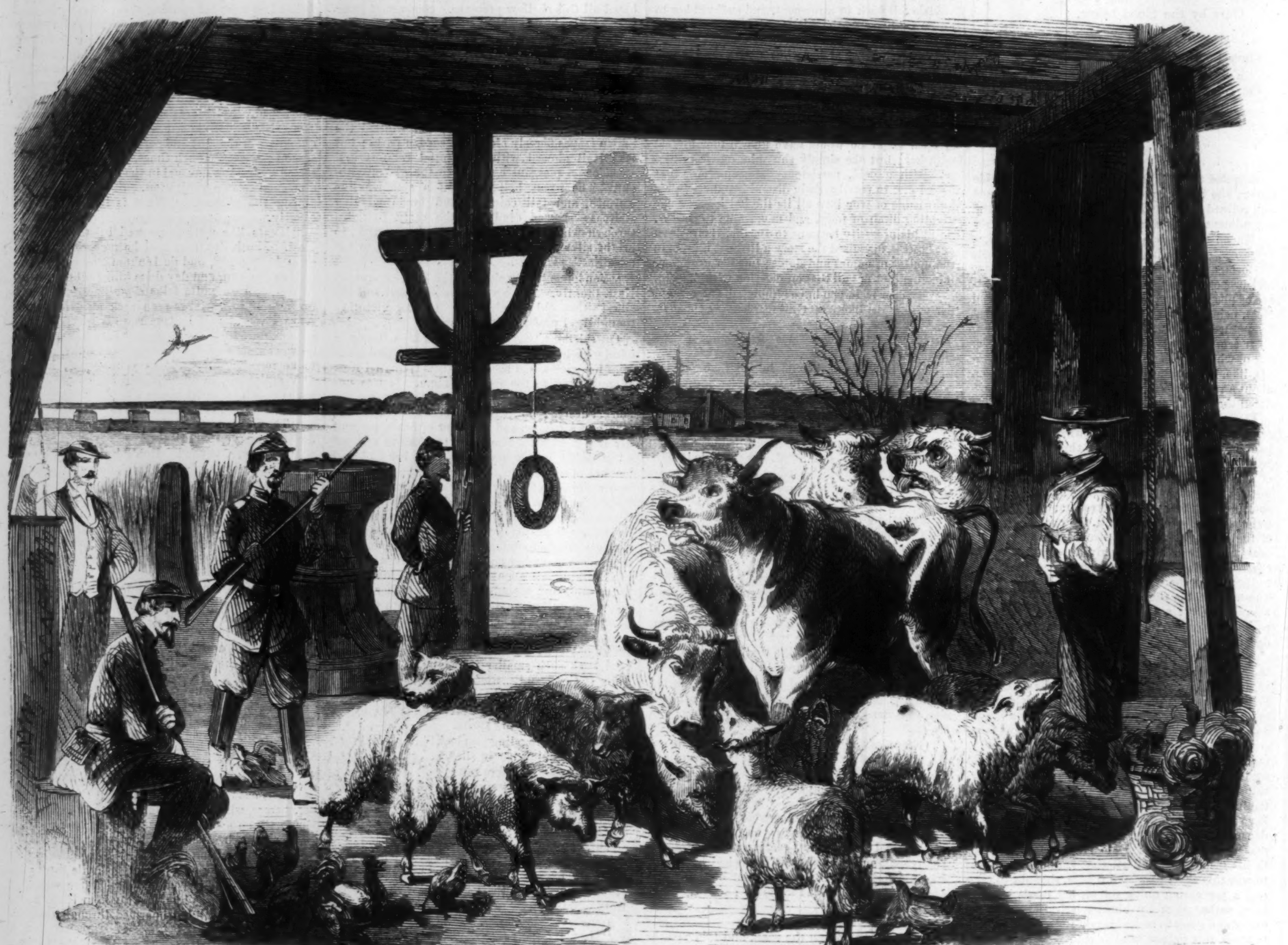
"Why should you think me false, Nest? I wrote you, again and again."

"I never received a line," she answered, growing whiter yet, if that were possible. "Yet I might have known! Oh! fool that I was! Small use now, however, to blame or question. Here is your ring. Give it to some woman worthier to wear it; and when you tell her of me, speak as gently as you can. Say she was weak, very weak, but I believe she honestly loved me."

The last words came out falteringly, and even as she spoke she threw up her hands and staggered blindly. Dale sprang forward, caught her, kissed her despite of Geoffrey; and then, relinquishing her to the frightened women, went sighing away, before her merciful unconsciousness should be over.

Nest lives to the outward world as Geoffrey's wife; but between her and him she has built a wall of separation that he may never hope to pass; and Bessie and Victoria whisper fearfully to each other that she seldom speaks, and never of her own accord.

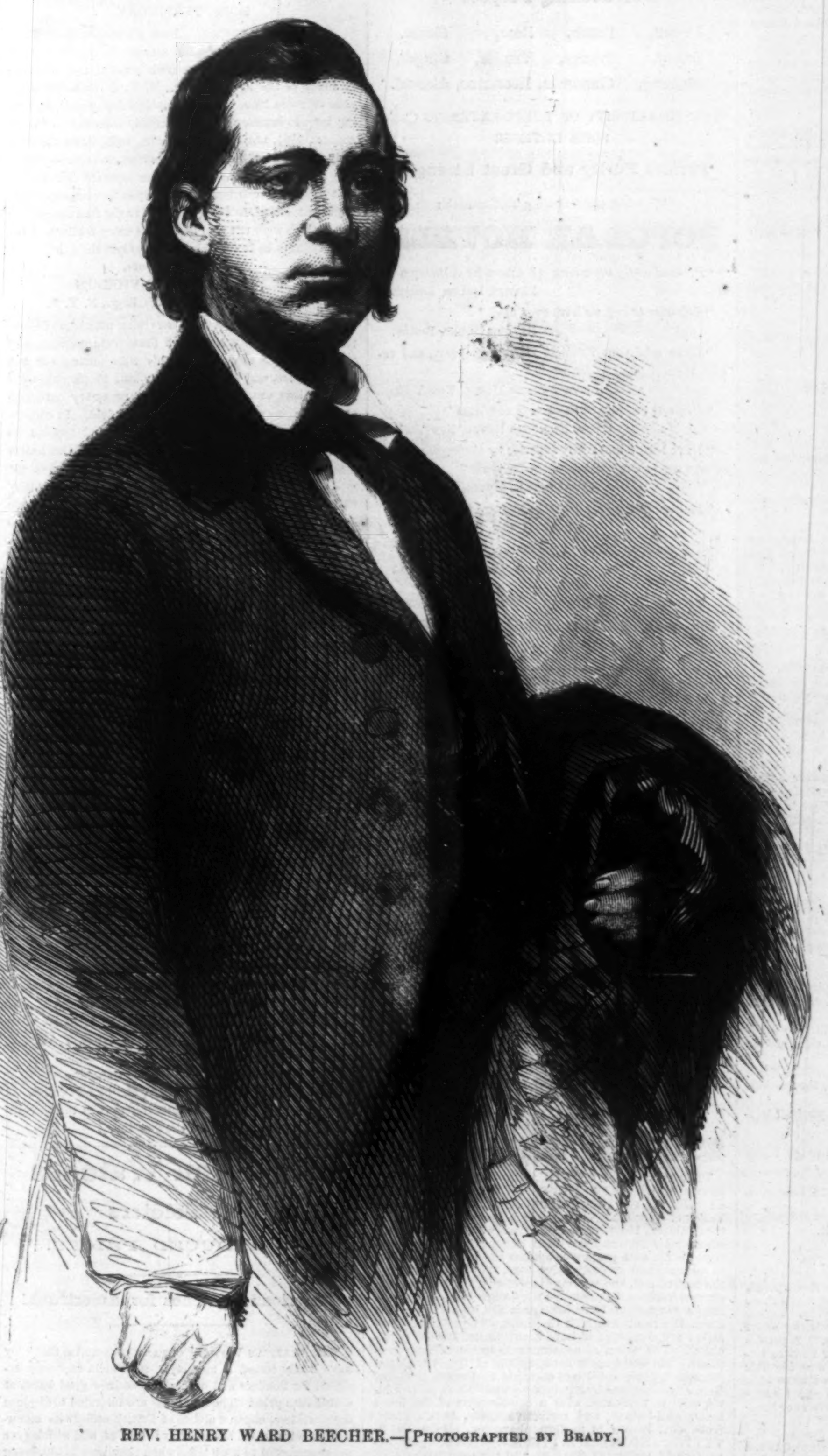
Dale is fighting on, and courts Death in the front of every battle, who sends him honors instead, at which he smiles grimly.



A SUCCESSFUL FORAGING PARTY AT THE WEST.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

WE publish herewith a portrait of one of the greatest living preachers, and one of the best men of our time—the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER. All England is ringing with his eloquent appeals in favor of our cause; and even Liverpool, sodden in pro-slavery corruption, listens to his speeches. The following account of his life was written five years ago by one who knows and loves him:



REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

"The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is one of the many children (thirteen, we believe, in number) of the Rev. Lyman Beecher. Mr. Beecher was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, June 24, 1813. He graduated at Amherst College, Massachusetts, in 1834, and studied Theology under his father at the Lane Seminary, in Cincinnati, Ohio. In 1837 he was settled as a Presbyterian clergyman in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, where he preached for two years, and then removed to Indianapolis, where he remained until he was called by the orthodox Congregational society of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York, where his ministry commenced in 1847, and still continues. Mr. Beecher was one of the founders of *The Independent* newspaper, to which he is still an occasional contributor, over the signature of a star. His works—if they may be so called—consist of a volume of 'Lectures to Young Men'—'The Plymouth Collection of Hymns'—a collection of some of his articles in *The Independent*, called 'The Star Papers,' and a volume entitled 'Life-Thoughts,' made up of striking passages from his discourses, reported by an admiring hearer.

"Probably no man in the country is more generally known, or regarded with a more personal affection and enthusiasm. Whenever and wherever he speaks, vast crowds assemble; and he is the only orator for whom all the halls and all the churches every where are too small. There are American orators more polished, more elegant, more scholarly, more graceful, more rhetorical, but there is no one who impresses his hearers with a deeper sense of his own sincerity and manliness—no one whose sympathy with suffering and sinful men of all conditions is felt to be sweeter or more ennobling—no one whose affluent imagination so illuminates, and whose tender Christian heart so purifies, the subject he discusses.

"Mr. Beecher is identified with various causes; but his independence remains untouched, and he works in his own way. He is a temperance man, but something more. He is an anti-slavery man, but something more. He is an orthodox Congregationalist, but something more. 'God works by the Church just as far as he can,' said he, in one of his discourses, 'but the stream of his working overflows and runs in a hundred ducts besides.' In like manner, his chief sympathy and hope are for man, and they run in a thousand rills of speech and action. Whatever hedges, cramps, confines, or in any manner dwarfs human development, is the enemy with which he deals, and the combat is jubilant and triumphant. He rejoices in his strength and in his work. He sends his words for the right, ringing home like the anvil strokes of a blithe blacksmith singing at his forge.

"When he rises to speak his face is full of a lambent light—humorous, and sly, and sweet—a kind of happy, boyish innocence and confidence, which directly win sympathy and interest—so that the orator is eloquent before he has spoken. His discourses are generally prepared, but as the tide of feeling rises it overbears the limits of his preparation; his imagination floats and soars beyond the course marked out, and, like a strong bird dipping, and reveling, and darting in the summer air, with the lights of heaven and the colors of earth glancing and glittering upon his plumage, his mind decorates his thoughts with an affluence of exquisite illustration drawn from every department of nature—so felicitous, and charming, and novel, that the happy hearer believes, with Cicero, that a great orator is truly a rarer triumph of nature than a great poet.

"Mr. Beecher's voice is not especially musical, nor of great range; his action is vehement and dramatic rather than graceful; and the violent contrasts of effect—the sharp, loud cry and muscular movement, followed by a relaxed frame and ordinary conversational tone—are sometimes unpleasantly suggestive of a poor style of clerical declamation. But the next moment some gush of humor lights like a sunbeam upon the level of the discourse, or some lovely sentiment touches it with tender pathos, and thousands of eyes, bright alternately with smiles and tears, proclaim the power which is not to be described or criticised—the magnetic sympathy and persuasion, without which grace and elegance, and music and learning, and wit and fervor, do not suffice for eloquence.

"The secret of Mr. Beecher's influence and success with all kinds of minds lies in his broad and sweet humanity. It is both sweet and wise. Liberal Christians, as they are usually called, wonder why he remains within the limits of a creed so orthodox. The temperance men wish he worked more technically under their banner. The Abolitionists heartily denounce him as a trimmer, because, while he sees the dangers and difficulties of our national differences, he also sees and grants the splendor of our prosperity and position, and the magnificent scope of our destiny. Hearty and healthy in body and mind, his theology, his philosophy, his sentiment, are all buoyant, hopeful, and cheerful. He believes in the power and goodness of God, and therefore perceives the ultimate triumph of his Spirit.

"However old he may grow (and may he live as long as good men ought to live!), Henry Ward Beecher will always seem to be a great, noble, blithe boy. His fresh feeling, his exuberant and rollicking humor, his genuine love of men, and faith in their improvement and progress, his most Christian reliance upon the religion of which he is a teacher, will always keep the bloom of youth upon his heart, and its fire in his soul, however Time may brush the hue from his cheek and quench the light in his eye. His youthful appearance is such, that, upon first coming to this neighborhood to preach, he went one Sunday to the church, and, seating himself quietly in the pulpit, was presently warned off by the sexton. 'What do you mean?' said Beecher. 'Why, we don't allow boys up here,' sternly replied the sexton. But Beecher allows boys. No man has a livelier love for children, and more sympathetic intelligence of their tastes, and wishes, and habits. Some of the most striking and beautiful passages of his lectures and sermons are thoughts and illustrations of childhood and youth; and his eye would moisten with hope, and admiration, and longing over a brave boy or a happy girl, as it would, with sorrow and prayerful entreaty, over a sinful fellow-man.

"He is an American in the best and truest sense. There is nothing mean, or narrow, or sectional in his fraternal and national feeling. He believes that this continent was intended for the great experiment, and that it will be fully, fairly, and successfully tried. To this end he welcomes the ever-increasing immigration, for whose labor the untracted Western wilds are waiting. He cheers the ship that he sees from his study window, sparkling on the bay, and rich with those who shall be developed into citizens and the parents of citizens. Every Sunday three thousand people in the morning, and three thousand in the evening, hear him expound the Gospel of Christ in this humane and catholic spirit. Every night in every week, except during his summer rest, somewhere and in some way, either at prayer-meetings—at revival meetings—at lyceums—in halls—in school-houses—in theatres—under the trees—from the steps of public buildings—he is preaching, with a text or without a text; and the substance of his discourse is the song of the angels, 'Peace on earth, good-will to men!'

"Yes—but 'Sharp's rifles,' and laying corner-stones of armories, and addresses to military companies, how about all these things?

"His answer would be short and simple: Human means for human ends. Because we are to love men, we are not, therefore, to let them murder our children, nor lay waste society. Mr. Beecher does not take a position without understanding it and himself. He rolls up his sleeves and stands to his guns, and whoever attacks it must expect no fair-weather fighting. He occasionally explodes a false rumor about himself with a witticism, sometimes pours in sparkling satire and severe truth-telling; and whoever interrupts him in a speech or a lecture, or in conversation, either playfully or seriously, will find that he has but burnished and sharpened the weapon he opposed.

"Mr. Beecher is of medium height, with a florid complexion, and large, soft, humorous blue eyes. His mouth is full and firm, and less poetic than the general character of his face. His boyish appearance is heightened by the hair brushed behind his ears. His dress is always simple and half negligent, like his manner. One very warm Sunday in the dog-days, when he was fresh from the West, he preached in a light linen coat. But he does nothing eccentric for the sake of eccentricity. He is discreet and thoughtful. He fights substances, and not shadows. No man is more liked by his opponents, because no man is more generous to them. A characteristic American, large-hearted, large-handed, large-minded, more learned in men than in books, clear-sighted and loyal and self-confident, he has already written his name upon the times and upon the hearts of his countrymen."

At the outbreak of the war Mr. Beecher threw himself into it with his accustomed energy, spoke and wrote on the loyal side, and sent his son into the field. Last spring he went to Europe, and within a few weeks he has been speaking in England on the subject. In many places he has been well received; in others the influence of the aristocracy and the Southerners has caused him to be interrupted and insulted. At Liverpool his lecture was a scene of the most shameful disturbance. It would give us great pleasure to have space to republish his speeches; but we can only find room for a couple of striking extracts from the address delivered at Manchester. Speaking of the probable duration of the war, he said:

> The question of war, under the circumstances in which war is now carried on in our country, is simply a question of time. [Cheers.] The population is with the North. The wealth is with the North. [Cheers.] The education is with the North. [Cheers.] The right doctrines of civil government are with the North. [Cheers, and a voice, "Where's the justice?"] It will not be long before one thing more will be with the North—victory. [Loud and enthusiastic rounds of cheers.] Men on this side are impatient at the long delay; but if we can bear it, can't you? [Laughter.] You are quite at ease ["Not yet"]; we are not. You are not materially affected in any such degree as many parts of our own land are now. [Cheers.] But if the day shall come in one year, in two years, in ten years hence, when the old Stars and Stripes shall float over every State of America— [Loud cheers, and some disturbance from one or two.] Oh, let him (the chief disturber) have a chance. [Laughter.] We will take a turn about; I will say the sentences, and you shall make the responses. [Laughter.] I am a Congregationalist, but I can make a very good Episcopal minister too. [Loud laughter.] I was saying, when interrupted by that sound from the other side of the house, that if the day shall come, in one, or five, or ten years, in which the old honored and historic banner shall float again over every State of the South; if the day shall come when that which was the accursed cause of this dire and atrocious war—Slavery—shall be done away [cheers]; if the day shall come when through all the Gulf States there shall be liberty of speech, as there never has been [cheers]; if the day shall come when there shall be liberty of the Press, as there never has been; if the day shall come when men shall have common schools to send their children to, which they never have had in the South; if the day shall come when the land shall not be parceled in gigantic plantations, in the hands of a few rich oligarchs [loud cheers], but shall be parceled out to honest farmers, every man owning his little [renewed cheers]; in short, if the day shall come when the simple ordinances, the fruition and privileges of civil liberty, shall prevail in every part of the United States, it will be worth all the dreadful blood, and tears, and woe. [Loud cheers.] You are impatient; and yet God dwelleth in eternity, and has an infinite leisure to roll forward the affairs of men, not to suit the hot impatience of those who are but children of a day, and can not wait or linger for long, but according to the infinite circle on which He measures time and events. He expedites or retards as it pleases Him; and if He heard our cries or prayers, not thrice would the months revolve but peace would come. But the strong crying and prayers of millions have not brought peace, but only thickening war. We accept the Providence; the duty is plain. [Cheers and interruption.]

In answer to some queries put for the purpose of embarrassing him by a pro-slavery Englishman with regard to the recognition of slavery in the Constitution, he observed:

> All the Slave States stand on the radical principle that a slave is not for purposes of law any longer to be ranked in the category of human beings, but that he is a piece of property, and to be treated to all intents and purposes as a piece of property; and the law did not blush, nor do the judges blush nowadays who interpret that law. [Hear.] But how is it that the Constitution of the United States, when it begins to speak of these very same slaves, names them? Does it call them "slaves?" Does it speak of them as in "servitude?" It lifts itself up as if consciously inspired with the grandeur of the thought and dignity of man, and says, "Persons held to service." [Hear and cheers.] Go to South Carolina, and ask what she calls slaves, and it says "things;" and the old Capitol at Washington sullenly reverberates, "No, persons!" [Cheers.] Go to South Carolina, and her fundamental article says she looks upon slaves as "things;" and again the Constitution echoes, "No, persons!" [Hear.] Go to the charter of Louisiana, or to the Southwestern Slave States, with their Constitution, and still that doctrine of devils is enunciated—it is "chattel," it is "thing." Looking upon those for whom Christ felt mortal anguish in Gethsemane, and stretched himself in death on Calvary, their laws call them still "things" and "chattels;" and still in suppressed tones of thunder the Constitution of the United States says "persons." [Cheers.] What was it then, when the country had advanced so far toward universal emancipation in the period of our national formation, that stopped this onward tide? Two things, commercial and political. First, the wonderful demand for cotton throughout the world, coupled with the facility of producing it, arising from the invention of the cotton-gin—that introduced a new element of value. Slaves that before had been worth from $300 to $400, began to be worth $500. That knocked away one-third of our adherence to the moral law. Then afterward they became worth $700, and half the law went [cheers and laughter]: then $800 or $900, and then there was no such thing as moral law [cheers and laughter]; then $1000 or $1200, and slavery became one of the beatitudes on the Mount. [Cheers and laughter.] When Moses wrote his laws, delivered by the Highest, he wrote them on tables of stone; but when the devil, through his minion, wrote his laws, he wrote them on silver. [Cheers and loud laughter.] Their pocket is their Mount Sinai [cheers and laughter]; they are the lineal descendants of those men who before worshiped the golden calf. [Cheers.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A CELEBRATED physician once said to Lord Eldon's brother, Sir William Scott, rather more flippantly than became the gravity of his profession, "You know, after forty, a man is always either a fool or a physician." The baronet archly replied, in an insinuating voice, "Perhaps he may be both, doctor."

Mrs. Partington says she prefers the Venus de Medicine to any statute she knows of.

"We have a gentleman in our town," writes a correspondent, "who is fond of using high-flown language. He sometimes makes very laughable mistakes, as witness the following: He had the honor of presiding at a Sunday-school celebration in our neighborhood not long since, and after one of the speeches, he addressed the audience, telling them that they would now have *some vocal music on the brass band!*"

MODERN DEFINITIONS.

Distant Relations—People who imagine they have a claim to rob you if you are rich, and insult you if you are poor.

Belle—A beautiful, but useless insect, without wings, whose colors fade on being removed from the sunshine.

Housewifery—An ancient art, said to have been fashionable among young girls and wives, but now entirely out of use, or practiced only by the lower orders.

Editor—A poor wretch who every day empties his head that he may fill his stomach.

An old Scottish woman, wishing to cross the river Forth, hesitated to enter the ferry-boat, because a storm was brewing. The boatman asked if she would not trust in Providence. "Na, na," said she, "I will na trust in Providence as lang as there is a bridge at Stirling."

"There's sweet music in dreams," said an old gentleman. "Yes, there may be," said his wife; "but I hear nothing of it, except a snore."

"Mamma," said a little girl, "can a door speak?" "Certainly not, my love." "Then why did you tell Anna to answer the door this morning?"

"The Pilgrim o'er a desert wild
Should ne'er let want confound him,
For he at any time can eat
The *sand which is* around him.

"It might seem odd that he could find
Such palatable fare,
Did we not know the sons of *Ham*
Were *bred* and *mustered* there."

If you want to be a "swell" of the first water, get the dropsy.

"Pray keep your seat," as the cockney sportsman said to the wild rabbit.

A certain Scotch friend of ours, who is not a member of the temperance society, being asked by a dealer to purchase some fine old Jamaica rum, dryly answered, "To tell you the truth, Sir, I canna say I'm very fond of rum; for if I tak mair than sax tumblers, it's very apt to give a body the headache!"

YOUR LIKENESS OR YOUR LIFE!

Aspirants for fame in a photograph frame
Have a passion so morbid to hang in the street,
That the mob of renown 'midst the crowd of the town
Renders famous the mortal whose face you don't meet.

When Mr. White looks black, does he change color?

A college student being examined in Locke, where he speaks of our relations to the Deity, was asked, "What relations do we most neglect?" when he answered, with much simplicity, "Poor relations, Sir."

THE EDITOR'S REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A correspondent, something new
Transmitting, signed himself X. Q.
The editor his letter read,
And begged he might be X. Q. Z.

A few mornings since we were relating to our family the fact of a friend having found upon his doorstep a fine little male infant, whom he adopted, when one of the olive branches remarked—"Pa, dear, it'll be his stepson, won't it?" We thought it would, decidedly.

Miss Jemima Wilhelmina, when her parents refuse to allow her to go to a ball, sets to and has a *bawl* at home.

It is a paradox that loose habits stick tighter to a fellow than any other kind, and, in fact, that tight people very often wear them.

"You'll break my heart," as the oak said to the hatchet.

If you want to get into a fat office hire yourself to a soap-boiler.

A child, like a letter, often goes astray through being badly directed.

Why is an attorney like a minister?—Because he studies the law and the profits.

A DRAWN BET.—Queen Elizabeth's portrait.

Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

Mr. Mair, a Scotch minister, was rather short-tempered, and had a wife, named Rebecca, whom, for brevity's sake, he addressed as "Becky." He kept a diary, and among other entries this one was very frequent: "Becky and I had a rippet, for which I desire to be humble." A gentleman who had been on a visit to the minister went to Edinburgh, and told the story to a minister and his wife there, when the lady replied, "Weel, he must have been an excellent man, Mr. Mair. My husband and I sometimes, too, have 'rippets,' but catch him if he's ever humble!"

A Yorkshire jockey had occasion to go to France. When he arrived at Calais he was surprised to hear the men speaking French, the women speaking French, and even the little children jabbering away in the same tongue. In the height of the perplexity which this occasioned he retired to his hotel, and was awakened in the morning by the cock crowing, whereupon he burst into a wild exclamation of astonishment and delight, and exclaimed, "Thank goodness, there's English at last!"

HOW TO GET RID OF YOUR CORNS.—Rub them over with toasted cheese, and let your feet hang out of bed for a night or two, that the mice may nibble them. If the mice do their duty the remedy will be sufficient.

Dr. Whewell, walking in Hamilton's garden at Cobham, expressed his surprise at the prodigious growth of the trees. "My dear Sir," replied Mr. Hamilton, "remember they have nothing else to do."

A certain writer boasts that he directs all his shots at error. It is all that he has to shoot at, for he never gets within gunshot of the truth.

An officer on a field-day happened to be thrown from his horse, and as he lay sprawling on the ground said to a friend who came to his assistance, "I thought I had improved in my riding, but I find I have *fallen off*."

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Many persons write poetry (?) and tales, and send them to an editor to be corrected—as if an editor's office were a "house of correction."

Old birds are not caught with chaff; young women are often caught with nothing else.

The purpose of an unmarried woman is generally like herself—single.

Our griefs are no doubt deeply interesting to ourselves; they are great bores to our friends.

To what class of periodical literature do soldiers contribute?—To reviews.

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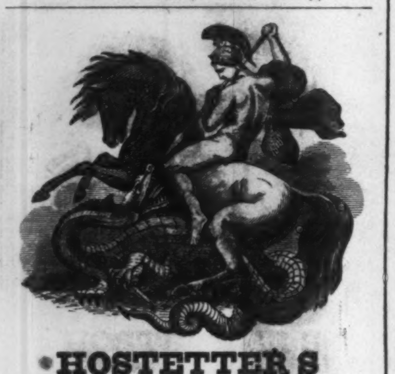

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MORE TESTIMONY.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29, 1863.

DR. B. BRANDRETH—Sir: I noticed, in the *New York Herald* of this date, a letter from some of the surviving members of Co. F, 17th Regt., N. Y. S. Vols., extolling your valuable Pills, which I fully and freely endorse, having been in command of the company from the 3d day of August, 1861, until the 2d of June, 1863, when the company was mustered out of the service, and discharged in this city. The percentage of men reported sick during that time was much less than in any other company of the Regiment, owing, as I fully believe, to the free use of your Pills, which were not supplied to the other soldiers. I believe them to be invaluable in camp or in the field.

Respectfully yours,
JOHN VICKERS
Co. F, 17th Regt., N. Y. V.

We, the undersigned, some surviving members of Company F, Seventeenth New York State Volunteers, hereby certify that we used Brandreth's Pills during our two years service, and to them we attribute the fact that our constitutions are uninjured by the necessary hardships and privations of a soldier's life in the field. In costiveness, colds, chills, diarrhœa, dysentery, and typhoid fevers, their prompt use cured us in a few days. Our health was often restored without our having been entered on the sick list; in fact, a single dose of four or five pills usually cured what, under the regular treatment, would have been a serious sickness. Others, who appeared to be sick in no respect different to us, but who used the remedies prescribed by the regimental surgeon, either died or were sick for weeks in the hospital.

When we left Sing Sing, in June, 1861, you gave us a supply of these pills, and we feel sure, from our experience, that if every soldier was supplied with this medicine the general health of the army would be greatly improved. For ourselves it is our sole remedy, answering all our wants in the way of physic, and we have known and tested it from our childhood, and our parents before us.

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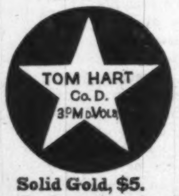

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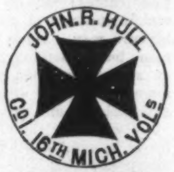
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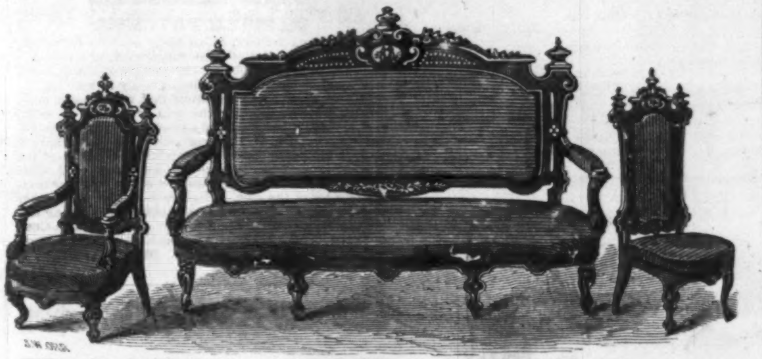

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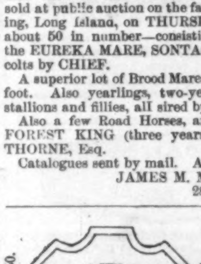
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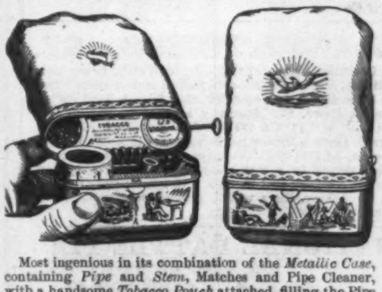

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